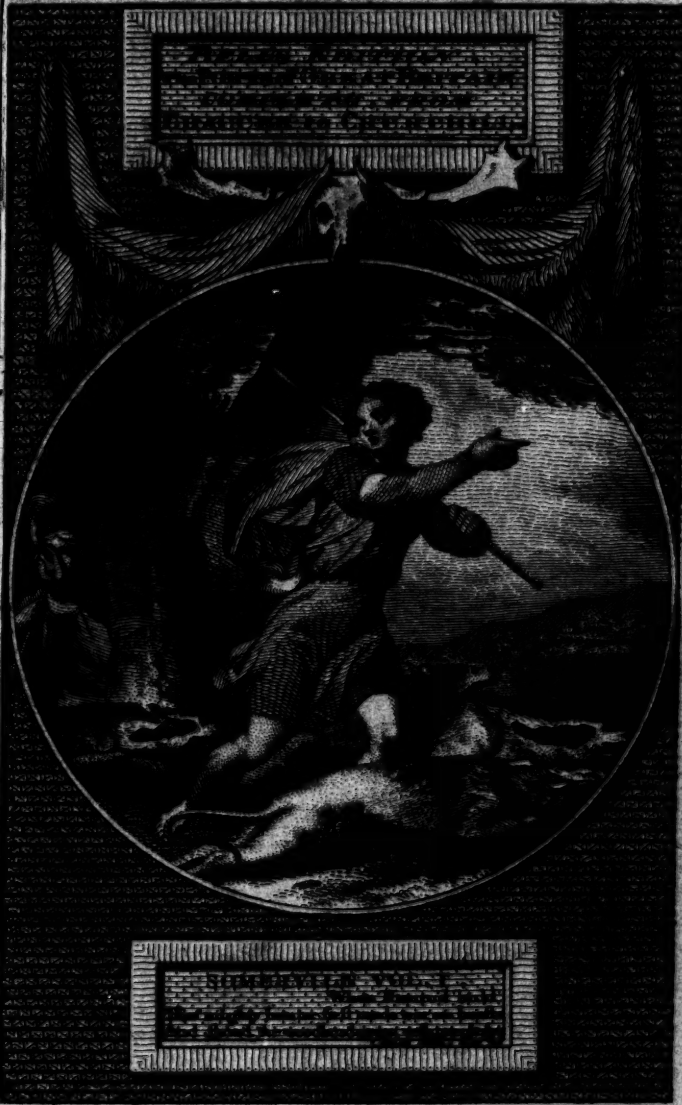




London, Printed for John Bell, at the British Library, Strand, May 16 1780.



THE *Gal 11 D 6*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.
WILL. SOMERVILLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,
To pay my humble tribute to thy lays—
Wak'd by thy lines the borrow'd flames I feel,
As flints give fire when aided by the steel—
Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
The real to fictitious joys give place.
When the wild music charms my ravis'd ear,
How dull, how tasteless, Handel's notes appear!
Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns;
He yields—but to the music of thy lines—
They but a momentary joy impart;
'Tis you who touch the soul and warm the heart. TRACY.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

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23 MAY 1957



TR 17. The you who took the soul and warm the heart.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

CHASE,

FIELD SPORTS,

HOBBINOL,

BOWLING-GREEN,

&c. &c. &c.

Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene.—At least
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honour; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want,
That dares not ask: and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

CHASE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.
VOL. I.

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CHASE, FIELD SPORTS,
HOBBS, BOWLING-GREEN.

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

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EDINBURG:

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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POEMS TO THE AUTHOR

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, ESQ.

THE CHASE.

WHILE you sit, gain the chase a secret haunt,
And hounds due to deathless merits claim,
To a weak Muse a kind indulgence lend,
Fond with just praise your labours to commend,
And tell the world that Somerville's the friend
Her incense, guileless of the forms of art,
Breathes all the huntsman's honesty of heart,
Whose fancy still the pleasures of the plains
Of Edric's villa and Arden's plains:
Joys which from change superior charms receiv'd,
The horn hoarse sounding by the lyre reliev'd;
When the day even'd with rural chase delight
Relinquish obsequious to the festive night,
The festive night surrenders to harmonious lay,
And in sweet verse recounts the triumphs of the day.
Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long
The Chase, the sport of Britain's king; unsung
Distinguish'd a land by Hero's illustrious name,
The stout sagacious hound and generous stag;
In vain! while yet no bard adorn'd our isle
To celebrate the glorious sylvan toil.

For this what darling son shall feel thy lines?

God of th' unerring bow and tuneful lyre?

Our vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal throng!

Somervile meditates th' advent rous long.

25

Bold to attempt, and happy to exult,

His num'rous verse the huntsman's art shall tell.

From him, ye British youths! a vig'rous race,

Imbibe the various sciences of the Chase.

And while the well-plann'd system you admire,

Know Brunswick only could the world inspire;

A Georgic Muse awaits Augustan days;

And Somervils will sing when Fredericks give the

bays to arms of the forms of

breaches all the huntsman's honours of

Whole lance and bow

Of Edric's villa and Arcturion's plains:

6

Joys which from change inferior charms receive,

THE CHASE.

The horn hoarse sounding by the vale relieved;

Once more, my friend! I touch the trembling lyre,

And in my bosom feel poetic fire:

For thee I quit the law's more rugged ways,

To pay my humble tribute to thy lays.

What tho' I daily turn each learned sage;

And labour thro' the unenlighten'd page,

Wak'd by thy lines the borrow'd flames I feel,

As flints give fire when aided by the steel.

Tho' in sulphureous clouds of smoke confin'd,

Thy rural scenes spring fresh into my mind;

Thy genius in such colours paints the Chase,
 The real to fictitious joys give place.
 When the wild music charms my ravis'd ear,
 How dull, how tasteless, Handel's notes appear!
 Ev'n Farinelli's self the palm resigns; 15
 He yields—but to the music of thy lines.
 If friends to poetry can yet be found;
 Who without blushing sense prefer to sound;
 Then let this soft, this soul-enslaving band,
 These warbling minstrels, quit the beggar'd land;
 They but a momentary joy impart; 21
 'Tis you who touch the soul and warm the heart.
 How tempting do thy sylvan sports appear!
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an ear,
 Might her fond lust of pow'r a while compose, 25
 And gladly change it for thy sweet repose.
 No fierce unruly senates threaten here,
 No axe, no scaffold, to the view appear,
 No envy, disappointment, and despair. 30
 Here, bless'd vicissitude! whene'er you please
 You step from exercise to learned ease;
 Turn o'er each classic page, each beauty trace,
 The mind unwear'd in the pleasing Chase.
 Oh! would kind Heav'n such happiness bestow,
 Let fools, let knaves, be masters here below. 35
 Grandeur and place, those baits to catch the wise,
 And all their pageant train, I pity and despise. 37
 TRACY.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE

OF WARWICKSHIRE, ESQ.

On sending several of his excellent poems.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

SIR, I have read and much admire
Your Muse's gay and easy flow,
Warm'd with that true Idalian fire
That gives the bright and cheerful glow.

I conn'd each line with joyous care,
As I can such from sun to sun,
And, like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

The witty smile, nature and art,
In all your numbers to combine,
As to complete their just desert,
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your Muse regard
When she, like Pindar's, spreads her wings;
And virtue, being its own reward,
Expresses by the fitter springs.

Emotions tender crowd the mind
When with the royal bard you go,
To fight in notes divinely kind
"The mighty fall'n on Mount Gilboa."

Much surely was the virgin's joy
 Who with the Iliad had your lays,
 For ere and since the siege of Troy
 We all delight in love and praise.

These heav'n-born passions, such desire,
 I never yet could think a crime,
 But first-rate virtues which inspire
 The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,
 And pump for fame by empty boast,
 Like your "Gilt Alb," who stood to bray,
 Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him "Th' incurious Benchers" hits
 With his own tale so tight and clean,
 That while I read streams gush, by fits,
 Of hearty laughter from my pen.

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingene,
 Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
 Blithe takes the best, had they heard thine
 On Lob, they'd own'd themselves outdone.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,
 The too officious "Dog and Priest,"
 The "Squire oppress'd," I own, for me,
 I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an Ombre game, w^ho play'd it best
 And "King revenging Captive Queen;" w^ho writ it best
 He merits; but had w^ho more fame
 If author of your "Bowling-Green?"

You paint your parties, play each bowl, w^ho play'd it best
 So nat'ral, just, and with such taste, w^ho writ it best
 That while I read, upon my soul
 I wonder how I chance to play it best

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleas'd the best; w^ho writ it best
 And sure to me laurels belong, w^ho writ it best
 Since British fair, and, w^ho writ it best,
 Somerville's consort, likes my song

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair, w^ho writ it best
 Sing, like a dweller in the sky, w^ho writ it best
 My verses with a Scottish air, w^ho writ it best
 Then fairs were not so blest as I

In her the valu'd charms unite; w^ho writ it best
 She really is what all would strive, w^ho writ it best
 Gracefully handsome, wise and sweet, w^ho writ it best
 'Tis merit to have her choice

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd wife, w^ho writ it best
 Whose worth claims all the world's respect, w^ho writ it best
 Met in her love a smiling fate, w^ho writ it best
 Which has, and must have, good effect

You both from one great lineage spring,
Both from de Somerville, who came 70
With William, England's conqu'ring king,
To win fair plains and lasting fame.

Which now he left to 's eldest son;
That first-born chief you represent;
His second came to Caledon, 75
From whom our Somer'ille takes descent.

On him and you may Fate bestow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long 's ye 'd wish to live below,
Still blest'd with all you would desire. 80

O Sir! oblige the world, and spread
In print those and your other lays;
This shall be better'd while they read,
And after-ages found your praise.

I could enlarge—but if I should 85
On what you 've wrote, my Ode would run
Too great a length—Your thoughts so crowd,
To note them all I 'd ne'er have done.

Accept this off'ring of a Muse
Who on her Pieland hills ne'er tires; 90
Nor should (when worth invites) refuse
To sing the person she admires. 92

ALLAN RAMSAY TO THE AUTHOR,

Acknowledging the receipt of an Epistle from him

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,
 On the receipt, exceeded measure.
 You write with so much sp'rit and glee,
 Sae smooth, sae strong, correct, and free,
 That any he by you allow'd
 To have some merit may be proud.
 If that 's my fault bear you the blame,
 Wha 've lent me sic a list to fame,
 Your ain tow'rs high, and widens far,
 Bright glancing like a first-rate star,
 And all the world bestow due praise
 On the Collection of your lays;
 Where various arts and turns combine,
 Which ev'n in parts first poets shine.
 Like Mat. and Swift ye sing with ease,
 And can be Waller when you please.
 Continue, Sir, and shame the crew
 That 's plagu'd with having nought to do,
 Who Fortune in a merry mood
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood;
 But has deny'd a genius fit
 For action or aspiring wit;
 For action or aspiring wit;

Such kenna how t'employ their time,
 And think activity a crime:
 Aught they to either do or say,
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray,
 When money, their Factotum, is able
 To furnish them a num'rous rabble,
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,
 Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
 Could they, like you, employ their hours,
 In planting these delightful flowers,
 Which carpet the poetic fields,
 And lasting funds of pleasure yield,
 Nae mair they'd gaunt and gowd away,
 Or sleep or loiter out the day,
 Or waste the night darning their faults
 In deep debauches and bawdy brawls,
 Whence pox and poverty proceed,
 An early cild, and spirit's head,
 Reverse of you—and him you love,
 Whose brighter spirit towers above
 The mob of thoughtless lords and ladies,
 Who in his ilka actions shows
 "True friendship, love, benevolence,"
 "Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense."
 Allow here what you've said yourself,
 Nought can be express'd so just and well
 To him, and her worthy him love,
 And ev'ry blessing from above,

A son is giv'n; God save the boy! :
 For their's and ev'ry Somer'ile's joy;
 Ye wardins round him take your place;
 And raise him with each manly grace;
 Make his meridian virtues shine;
 To add fresh lustres to his line;
 And many may the mother see
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas' nae mair thins
 Hail, snaw, and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
 While Caledonia's hills are green;
 And a' her straths delight the een;
 While ilka flow'r with fragrance blows,
 And a' the year its beauty shows;
 Before again the winter low'r,
 What hinders then your northern to
 Be sure of welcome; nor believe
 Those wha an ill report will give
 To Edinburg and the land of Cakes,
 That nought what's necessary lacks,
 Here Plenty's goddess frae her horn
 Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
 In blithe abundance—and yet mair,
 Our men are brave, our ladies fair,
 Nor will North Britain yield for south
 Of ilka thing, and fellows cooth,
 To any but her sister South.

True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh, at the road I
 And speats aft' roar frae mountains high; 80
 The body tirst—poor tost' ring clay is rior; gaol
 And likes with ease at hame to stay; 85
 While sauls stride warlds at ilka stend,
 And can their wid'ning views extend.
 Mine sees you while you cheerfu' roam
 On sweet Avona's flow'ry howm, 90
 There recollecting, with full view,
 Those follies which mankind pursue,
 While, conscious of superior merit,
 You rise with a correcting spirit,
 And as an agent of the gods 95
 Lash them with sharp satiric rods:
 Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
 O'er hill and dale I see you range
 After the fox or whidding hare,
 Confirming health in purest air, 99
 While joy frae heights and dales resounds,
 Rais'd by the holla, horn and hounds:
 Fatigu'd yet pleas'd, the chase outrun,
 I see the friend and setting sun
 Invite you to the temp'rate bicker, 100
 Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
 The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
 To save your health by sleeping sound.
 Thus with cool head and healsome breast
 You see new day stream frae the east; 105

Then all the Muses round you shine;
Inspiring ev'ry thought divine;
Be long their aid—your years and blessing
Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

33

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PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminatè over their past pleasures with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment; for those ideas to which any agreeable sensation is annexed are easily excited, and leaving behind them the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The Ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

*Paras in gramine exerceant membra palaestra,
Contendant ludo, et sulva luctantur arena:*

*Paras pællibus blandunt choros, at carmina mœchæ
Arma procul, curtusque virum miratur inanes.*

*Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura sitentes*

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repositos.

VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the grassy cirque their pleasant throbs

In wrestling exercise, or on the sands,

Struggling, dispute the prize: part lend the ring,

Or swell the chorus with alternate lays:

The chief their arms admire, their empty cars,

Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unhears'd birds

Grazè unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and arms,

All the same fond desires and pleasing cares

Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

Bij

I hope, therefore, I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours I run over in my elbow-chair some of those *Chases* which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is but entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of this rambling imagination will be found in the following poem, which is equally diverting to my readers as to myself. I shall have guined my end, if I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the *Georgic* manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than *Mackham*, *Blow*, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war, and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their future victories. *Xenophon* says, that almost all the ancient heroes, *Nestor*, *Theleus*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Achilles*, &c. were disciples of hunting, being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. *Xen. Cynegetic.* And *Pliny* observes, those who were designed for great captains were first taught *certain* cum

Chase in the 4th and 7th books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident that the art of hunting is very different now from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds, and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the Sepulchre of the Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the Ancients mention dogs following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *adora canum* &c. Thus Nemestianus says,

*Odorato nescunt vestigia præto,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

*They challenge on the mead the recent trails,
And trail the hare unto her secret form.*

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from ver. 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings, yet he really says no more than that one of those hounds, which he

calls's *view*, and out the game : for he follows the
 foot no further than the hare's form; from whence,
 after he has started her, he pursues her by sight; and
 indeed for these two last reasons to a renowned
 and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the
 belle-lettre no body disputes, and whose approbation
 gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of chase
 finders were brought from Britain, this island having
 always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best
 breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art
 of hunting; and for the best and most enduring to fol-
 low the chase. It is therefore strange that none of
 our poets have yet thought it worth their while to
 treat of this subject, which is without doubt very
 noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the
 most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets
 have no great genius for hunting; yet I hope my
 brethren of chivalry, by encouraging this first but
 imperfect essay, will draw the world they live at least
 some taste for poetry.

The Ancients esteemed hunting not only as a man-
 ly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to
 health. The famous Galen recommends it above all
 others, as not only exercising the body, but giving
 delight and entertainment to the mind; and he calls
 the inventors of this art wise men, and well skilled
 in human nature. *Lib. de purioris vite exercitiis.*

The gentlemen who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*; Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may, probably, be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers. Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there, but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure. But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren when a fine day and the concert of the kennel invite them abroad: I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, seges,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Troxæque rades, domitrixque Epidaurus, equum
Et vox assiduæ nemorum ingeminata remugit. VIRG. Georg. iii.
Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingering cares of life,
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full cry
The bounds, Troxæus. Epidaurus trains
For us the generous feed. The hunters' shouts
And cheering cries ascending woods return.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CHASE.

A POEM

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit prolema.

VIRG. Georg. iii.

Romanis solenne iussu opus, utile famæ,

HOE. Lib. I. Ep. xiii.

Vitaque, et membris.

HOE. Lib. I. Ep. xiii.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to man &c. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The disposition and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different Chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of fixing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of hounds. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, Hounds and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great Prince!
Whom Cambrin's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold instructive song,
While grateful citizens, with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits

Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
 Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
 Passing they view admire and sigh in vain;
 While crowded theatres, too fondly proud, 10
 Of their exotic minstrels and shrill pipes,
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
 And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
 Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings;
 Image of war without its guilt. The Muse 15
 Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
 Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
 Light-bounding o'er the wave from shore to shore.
 Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth! 20
 And if, in future times, some envious prince,
 Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
 Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
 To wrest the balance from thy equal hand,
 Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd, 25
 (A band undaunted, and invad'd to toils)
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
 Or hue thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
 And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee,
 The nobler Chase of glory shall pursue 30
 Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.
 Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
 So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time

Improve the piece, or wise Experience gives
 The proper finishing. When Nimrod hold,
 That mighty hunter first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
 New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide,
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war!
 He arm'd his savage hands, a multitude
 Untrain'd; of twining oaks form'd, they pitch'd
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scour the plains below; the trembling herd
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
 Unheard before; surpris'd, alas! to find
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
 But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
 Wide wasting, and grim slaughter, red with blood;
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
 Their rage licentious knows no bound: at last,
 Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
 Part on their altars smokes, a sacrifice
 To that all-gracious Pow'r whose bounteous hand
 Supports his wide creation; what remains
 On living coals they broil, in elegant
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in milder arts
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong necessity, thus first began

The Chase of beasts; tho' bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guile; for the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
 Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food*. So just is Heav'n,
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn;
 To arms devote; in the politer arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
 Victorious William to more decent rules
 Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join,
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort, their various tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
 And Heav'n's peculiar care! to thee 't is giv'n
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by Winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins 90
Cheerful his course, and ere his beams decline
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes 95
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides 100
In this delightful exercise to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous Youths! by smiling Fortune blest,
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care, 105
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
To enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in consorts of harmonious joy 110
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain-ash, that braves the bolts 115
Of angry Jove, tho' blasted yet unkill'd
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view

Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
 In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the houseman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn, its courts
 On either hand wide op'ning to receive
 The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
 (Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And bask in his invigorating ray.
 Warn'd by the streaming light and merry bark
 Forth run the jolly clan, with ranc'rous throats
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join
 Salute the new-born day: for not alone
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes,
 Own his reviving influence, and joy
 At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
 Some envious cloud veil thy resurgent brow,
 In vain the Muses aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding band
 Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinished lay.
 Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expense, on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch

Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive wants: For use, not state,
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside; no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement; and no half-pick'd bones
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
 That nicer sense on which the sportsman's hope
 And all his future triumphs must depend.
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
 Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
 To wash thy court well-pav'd; nor spare thy pains;
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
 O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
 Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
 Each noisome stench; let no offensive smell
 Invade thy wide inclosure; but admit
 The nitrous air and purifying breeze,
 Water and shade no less demand thy care.
 In a large square th' adjacent field inclose;
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
 Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design
 If at the bottom of thy spacious court
 A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect
 Thy downward structure and inverted grove.

Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy'd
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
 Restless and faint, toll their immensit'd tongues,
 And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
 Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shut thou find
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive
 Tumultuous: soon they plunge into the stream,
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
 Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
 From shore to shore they swim, while thim'rous fond
 And wild uproar, torments the troubled sound
 Then on the sandy bank they roll and stretch
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wadded rings
 Courting around, pursuing and pursued;
 The merry multitude disporting play.
 But here with watchful and observant eyes
 Attend their frolics, which too often end
 In bloody broils and deaths. Hie o'er thy head
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rail the stern debate
 And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
 Begun combat ensues; growling they snarl
 Then on their branches rear'd, rampant they seize
 Each others' throats; with teeth and claws in gore
 Besmear'd, they wound, they rear, till on the ground,
 Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
 Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
 Loud-clam'ring, seize the helpless, worried wretch,

And, thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
 His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
 O breasts of pity void! ye oppress the weak
 To point your vengeance at the friendless head;
 And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
 Emblem too just of man's dogen' race race.
 Others apart, by native instinct led,
 Knowing instructer! 'mong the ranker grass
 Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
 Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divide
 Of Providence, beneficent and kind
 To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
 A ready remedy, and in himself
 Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
 And many a painful Chafe, the wise old hound
 Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
 His master's side, or lingers at his ease
 Beneath the beaming shade; there many a ring
 Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful soil
 Puzzles perplex'd; or doubles intricate,
 Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his speed
 Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
 And in imperfect whimp'rings speaks his joy.
 A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chase
 Select with judgment; nor the rim'rons hare
 O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
 To the mean, murd'rons, coursing crew, intent

On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heaven!
 And all their painful drudgeries repay
 With disappointment and severe remorse.
 But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
 To all her subtle play! By Nature led,
 A thousand shifts she tries: 't' unravel these
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
 Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her doleful knell: See there with count'nance blithe,
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
 Salutes thee cowering; his wide opening nose
 Upward he curls, and his large floe-black eyes
 Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy:
 His glossy skin, or yellow pied, or blue,
 In lights or shades, by Nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
 Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
 Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
 On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands:
 His round cat-foot, straight hams, and wide-spread
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed, [thighs,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
 Or far-extended plain: in ev'ry part
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice:
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size

Gigantic; he is the thick-woven covert
 Painfully tug, or in the thorny brake
 Torn and embarras'd bleed; but if too small,
 The pigney brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
 Moil'd in the clogging clay, panning they lag
 Behind inglorious; or else shiv'ring creep,
 Benumb'd and faint, beneath the shelt'ring thorn:
 For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various ends,
 And crown thy pleasing labours with success.
 As some brave captain, curious and exact,
 By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
 His gay battalion, as one man they move
 Step after step, their like the same, their arms
 Far-gleaming dart the same united blaze;
 Surveying generals his merit own;
 How regular! how just! and all his cares
 Are well repaid if nigher George approve.
 So model thou thy pack, if honour teach
 Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause
 But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
 Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
 Thy ear, offend, and a lagging line
 Of bubbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
 But if th' amphibious coter be thy Chase,
 Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
 Or if th' harmonious thrush of the field

Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
 Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
 Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
 Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
 Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
 And shake the forests: the bold Talbot kind
 Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows,
 And great their use of old. Upon the banks
 Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
 Of war and rapine once, the Britons knew
 The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
 To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
 There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and skill'd
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport;
 Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
 Th' arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
 Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
 In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
 In vain the footy cloud and ruddy flames
 That issu'd from his mouth; for soon he paid
 His forfeit life; a debt how justly due
 To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heav'n!
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
 Then prowling far and near, what'er they seize
 Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors

* Cacus, Virg. Æn. lib. viii.

Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn'g 312
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wand'
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way: 313
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around 320
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untry'd,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep-op'ning mouth, 325
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills, 330
O'er beaten paths with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The catif vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense! 333
Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous pow'r
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?

What guide invisible points out their way
 O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
 The courteous Muse shall the dark case reveal.
 The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
 In many a crimson tide, then here and there
 In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
 Propell'd, the ferous particles evade
 Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
 Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
 And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
 There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd
 The panting Chase grows warmer as he flies
 And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires,
 Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
 The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarify'd
 By the meridian sun's intense heat,
 To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies
 With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
 The vigorous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
 And in triumphant melody confess
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air
 Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
 At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,

Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping frosts, and the keen-biting blasts
Of the dry-parching east, menace the trees,
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless, they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft' invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds each stomach-healing plant.
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heav'n
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap

Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless fauntring youth, proud of the skut 395
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side!
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward. 400

THE CHASE.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

OF the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that Chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier and the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
To observe that instinct which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore,
And oft' transcends. Heav'n taught, the roebuck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack;
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage,
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails: they pant, they foam:
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuse her soft abode. With step revers'd

She forms the doubling maze; then ere the Morn
Peeps thro' the clouds leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift

20 Their moving camp, now on some cooler hill,

With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;

And then below, where trickling streams distil

From some penurious source, their thirst allay,

And feed their fainting flocks; so the wise hares

25 Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye

Should mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous

Plot their destruction; or perchance, in hopes [wiles

Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead

Or matted blade wary and close they fit.

30 When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,

In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,

They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns

Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields

Of corn full-grown they lead their helpless young:

36 But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains

Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank

Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid

The dripping covert: yet when winter's cold

Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,

41 In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep

Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still

As fancy prompts them or as food invites.

But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,

Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element, 45
 The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
 His subtle, various, game; nor waste in vain
 His tedious hours; till his impatient hounds,
 With disappointment vex'd, leap springing lark
 Babbling pursuit, far scatter'd o'er the fields.
 Now golden Autumn from her open lap
 Her fragrant bounties show's; the fields are shorn
 Inwardly smiling; the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase: his barns are stor'd,
 And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.
 All now is free as air, and the gay pack
 In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd.
 No widow's tears o'erflow; no secret curse
 Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
 Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
 But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
 Joins in the common cry, and halloo loud,
 Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
 Oh! bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible,
 To that extended lawn, where the gay courted
 View the swift racers, stretching to the goal
 Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
 Than proud Elean fields could boast of old;
 Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
 And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right;
 Or to those spacious plains where the strain'd eye,

In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
 Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends;
 And pierces thro' the clouds; or to thy downs,
 Fair Cotswold! where the well-breath'd eagle climbs,
 With matchless speed, thy green-aspiring brow,
 And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess! hail;
 Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
 O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
 And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
 Farewell, Cleora! here, deep sunk in down,
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
 Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
 The toilette plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
 Th' important work. Me other joys invite;
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
 Their matins chaunt, nor brook my long delay;
 My courser hears their voice: see there! with ears
 And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
 Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
 And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
 Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
 If once dismiss'd no limits can contain
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolic play,
 So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;

A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd
The rising sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects as paint the various bow
When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health and universal joy.

Huntsman! lead on; behind the clust'ring pack
Submits attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey.
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each dash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes,
Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread,
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew!
If some staunch hound with his authentic voice
Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills

Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along;
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks, till more assur'd,
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies: how close she pants; she doubts
If now she lives: she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack; let all be hush'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy, be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain:
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn:
Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.

The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods,
In the full concert join. Now, my brave Youths! T
Stripp'd for the Chase, give all your souls to joy. 24T
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe 160
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim! thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print.
The grass unbruise'd; with emulation fir'd 25T
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush 165
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? all, all are gone! 170
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track;
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind 175
Urge her bold course, less intricate thy task;
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
The frighted Chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death 180
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.
Hark! from yon' covert, where those tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale

Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout, 185
 The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes;
 The pack wide op'ning lead the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
 And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy 190
 Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
 Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
 The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs th' adjacent hill. The ploughman leaves
 Th' unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks 196
 Are now the shepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls
 Desert th' unpeopled village, and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd
 Look how she pants! and o'er yon' op'ning glade 200
 Slips glancing by; while at the further end
 The puzzling pack unravel wild by wile,
 Maze within maze! The covert's utmost bound
 Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
 And in that very track, so lately stain'd 205
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
 The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason; sure 't is something more;
 'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagems inspires
 Beyond the short extent of human thought! 210
 But hold—I see her from the covert break;
 Sad on yon' little eminence she sits;

Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take;
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress:
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain and o'er the mountain's ridge
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train! your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tofs'd,
Oblivion to be with'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwear'd; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore, till once the summit gain'd;
Painfully panting: there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft' babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point

Rouse all his diligence, or till the Chase
 Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
 Huntsman! take heed; they stop in full career:
 Yon' crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
 Have haply foil'd the turf: See that old hound,
 How busily he works, but dares not trust
 His doubtful sense! Draw yet a wider ring.
 Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
 Sally'd a while, at once their pale renew,
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
 See how they toss, with animated rage
 Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager haste
 Some doubling wile foretells.—Ah! yet once more
 They're check'd—Hold back with speed—On either
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right; [hand
 Away they spring; the rustling rubbles bend
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor Chase
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
 With love and plenty blest'd. See! there she goes;
 She reels along, and by her gait betrays
 Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
 The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores scarce leaves
 A languid scent. And now in open view
 See, see! she flies; each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.

How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, all round enclosed
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clam'rous rage & distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpow'r'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!
The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisites
For all their toils: Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threaten'ing whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal! but vers'd

In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train;
 But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
 So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
 Magnificence, and grandeur, of the Chase,
 Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
 Line within line, rise the pavilions proud;
 Their silken streamers waving in the wind
 Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent
 Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
 Why shines the polish'd helm and pointed lance,
 This way and that far beaming o'er the plain
 Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,
 Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host,
 Lays waste the provinces, nor glory fires
 To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
 Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
 Shall sting the conscious victor, but mankind
 Shall hail him good and just; for 't is on beasts
 He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey,
 Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
 Imperial Dehli, op'ning wide her gates,
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
 And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs

And bold defiance, High upon his throne, 325
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race;
Sublime he sits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold: Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod, 330
And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves!
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around;
The fair sultanas of his court; a troop 335
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death!
Ah! cruel Eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray 340
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers, and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review
Thro' groves of spears from file to file he darts 345
His sharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd; exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains when Ammon's son 350
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize; nor was that host

More numerous of old, which the great king
 Pour'd out on Greece from all the opes of East;
 That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Mean-while in troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
 A wide circumference, full many a league
 In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains;
 Large provinces; enough to gratify
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host;
 He from the throne high-eminent presides,
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the Chase,
 From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
 His irreversible decrees; from which
 To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
 Each to his station leads, encamping round
 Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
 Where decent order reigns, what these command
 Those execute with speed and punctual care;
 In all the strictest discipline of war,
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
 Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve
 That flies on wings thro' all the encircling line
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole,
 So by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,

The planets in their spheres roll round his orb ; 380
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glitt'ring gems, 385
And like a sheet of fire thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din
Fill the large concave : while from camp to camp 390
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once 395
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony ; fives, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range 400
Inquisitive, strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts 405
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires

Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems as if
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly, and
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim, blood-thirsty foes! Growling along in
They stalk indignant, but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the Night,
Wrapp'd in her sable veil, forbids the Chase,
They pitch their tents in ev'n ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fire
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light:
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the birds
That glads the night had cheer'd the list'ning groves
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
Oft' they the guards assail; as oft' repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair,
Thus day by day they still the Chase renew,
At night encamp; till now in straiter bounds

The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive it soon;
The wall that hemis them in on ev'ry side;
And now their fury bursts, and knows no pity;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes: With teeth and claws
The Civil war begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray;
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man;
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eyes;
So object is a tyrant in distress
At last, within the narrow plain confin'd;
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds;
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in resurgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood
Early resolv'd to assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shades: On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rocky

Swift shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leaves his prey
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With jav'lines arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
From his high-elevated throne beholds
His blooming race, revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin: flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and jav'lines lanch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore

Defile the verdant plain. No idle stand, or quiver'd
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce.
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken coverings breathes his last; the bear
Gambles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
'The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep,
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the
Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe [work
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race;
When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs! At his command,

Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
 Leave a large void for their retreating foes;
 Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne
 To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
 Ye proud Oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
 In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,
 Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
 Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirst of blood;
 But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

THE CHASE.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

OF King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts. The steel trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion, and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

In Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Lanch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs: each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Camhria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid

Their tributary wolves, head after head,
 In full account, till the woods yield no more,
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures more securely graz'd 20
 The social troops, and soon their large increase
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
 But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
 A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25
 In the full fold the poor defenceless lamb,
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
 Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dark night
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain; 30
 While in the adjacent bush poor Philomel,
 (Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
 Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud lament
 With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, Huntsman! prepare
 Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious it is 36
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
 To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
 Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
 With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack, 40
 And rouse thy bold compeers; then to the copse,
 Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
 With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
 In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range

Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
 They cross, examining with curious nose
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, precluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth
 As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
 Press to their standard, hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the woods with hasty step,
 Rushing, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
 They push, they strive, while from his kennel speaks
 The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
 Sleek at the shepherd's coll; and plump with meals
 Parloin'd; so thrive the wicked here below
 Tho' high his brush he bears, tho' dipt with white
 It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
 Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
 Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
 Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
 Heav'n's! what melodious strains! how beat our
 Big with tumult'ous joy! the loaded gales
 Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
 From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
 The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
 The chorus swells, less various and less sweet
 The trilling notes when in these very groves
 The feather'd choristers salute the Spring,
 And ev'ry bush in concert joins; or when

The master's hand, in modulated air, wad
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
 Of music in one instrument combine,
 An universal minstrelsy. And now
 In vain each earth he tries; the doors are barr'd
 Impregnable; nor is the covert safe:
 He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
 Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away;
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave Youths!
 Now give a loose to the clean generous steed;
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
 But in the madness of delight forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
 And dangerous our course; but in the brave
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream
 In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
 Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
 And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain;
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
 To pounce his prey. Then up the opposite hill
 By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
 So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
 A down the sleepy wave; then to be on high
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.
 What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim 101
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly. 10
See my brave pack! how to the head they press, 102
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse 104
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft' they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain! 110
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below, 116
Where sour vexation reigns: see yon' poor jade
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies! Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate, no cost,
No labour, spar'd; who, when the flying Chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led

The num'rous train; now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humble insolence,
 Drove like a panner'd ass, and scourg'd along
 While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
 Lies flound'ring, half engulf'd. What biting thoughts
 Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
 His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny, youth
 Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
 The short pygmean race he whilome kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils. Here, Huntsman! from this
 Observe yon' birds of prey; if I can judge
 'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
 See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
 And swoops the mire impure: from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs, symptoms too sure
 Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon' village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
 Thro' ev'ry homestead, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies.
 Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes

Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
 In his superior stench to lose his own;
 But, faithful to the track, the unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
 And now distress'd, no shelt'ring covert near,
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, Villain! there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The pack, inquisitive, with clamour loud,
 Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead,
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
 The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short repast:
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product; and his good old mate
 With choicest viands heaps the lib'ral board;
 To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
 Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
 Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
 With which the vain profusion of the great
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse,
 Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
 Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
 Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
 Kens well the great advantage; flinks behind,

And sily creeps thro' the same beaten track; 185
 And hunts them stop by step; then views, escap'd,
 With inward ecstacy, the panting throng
 In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
 So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
 Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes; 190
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
 But when the day of battle calls them forth
 To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
 Of chosen vet'rans, they press blindly on,
 In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall; 195
 A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy;
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
 Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day
 With silence drags his trail; then from the ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
 Covers the latent death, with curious springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
 Of man or beast unwarily shall press 205
 The yielding surface. By the indented steel
 With gripe tenacious hold the felon grins,
 And struggles, but in vain: yet oft' it's known,
 When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
 Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb 210
 Compounded for his life. But if perchance
 In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no escape;

But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs
Of these are various kinds: not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts, the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Assail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand, the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands, and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep;
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree, upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam;
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,

Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
 His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd. 10
 The forests tremble as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
 The foodful teat, himself, alas! design'd
 Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
 Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the mound 20
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
 Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine eyeballs flashing fire, thy length of tail
 That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd 30
 With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane,
 The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
 And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
 Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife
 When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage. 40
 On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts
 The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
 But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
 With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
 Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below. 50

Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds furcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning gray
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides, joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
Trembling gives way, and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth, if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulf'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies; but to his flight alone

Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd, and nought
 A polish'd mirror stops in full career
 The furious brute : he there his image views ;
 Spots against spots with rage improving glow ; 300
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
 Distends his op'ning paws ; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
 The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim 305
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
 Thus man innum'rous engines forms to assail
 The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,
 Swift, and confederate with man, annoys 310
 His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
 The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes an equal war ;
 But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
 Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure. 315
 Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
 Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild,
 Where by the magnet's aid the traveller
 Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft' on land
 Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand 320
 Immers'd and lost. While these intrepid bands,
 Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the storm,
 And scouring round make men and beasts their prey.
 The grisly boar is singled from his herd,

As large as that in Erimanthean woods;
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides;
But perilous th' attempt; for if the fied
Haply too near approach, or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean-while the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unfung remains? Tread with respectful awe
Windfor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful Bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade!
To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windfor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train

Mount for the Chase, nor views in all his course
 A scene so gay: heroic noble youths, 355
 In arts and arms renown'd; and lovely nymphs;
 The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
 Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
 For our more favour'd shades; in proud parade
 These shine magnificent, and press around
 The royal happy pair. Great in themselves, 360
 They smile superior, of external show
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
 A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
 With real splendours, far above the pomp
 Of Eastern kings in all their tinsel pride. 363
 Like troops of Amazons the female band
 Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
 Or bend the bow; these kill with surer aim.
 The royal offspring, fairest of the fair, 370
 Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
 Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
 Fires ev'ry heart: she must be more than man
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray. 373
 Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
 With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
 Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
 Her willing captives leads. illustrious maids
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms, 380

Without the needless aid of high descent,
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
 To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
 Fresh as a rosebud newly blown, and fair
 As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
 With joy and admiration dwells? See, see
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
 Is it Adonis for the Chase array'd,
 Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
 May all your virtues with your years improve,
 Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes
 On the great Sultan wait, with eyes deject
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound, is heard
 Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
 And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
 While pass the glitt'ring court and royal pair
 So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
 Whose honour 't is to glad the hearts of kings.
 But soon the winding horn and huntsman's voice
 Let loose the general chorus; far around
 Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.
 Unharbour'd now, the royal stag forsakes
 His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides
 And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts

He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
 With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
 The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
 Float thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.
 How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
 And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
 Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each sex,
 In the wild transport joins: luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou, Man! when thou'rt no more
 Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
 High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
 Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-law'd, that stretches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
 The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
 Such was the king's command! Lies tyrant's fierce
 Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
 To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
 Of War is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)

T' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road; and to make gay the face
Of nature with th' embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below;
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd;
O grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair;
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag thro' woods, bogs, roads, and
Has measur'd half the forest; but, alas!
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views

The fell destroyer; still the fatal cry
 Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart;
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
 The dying shrieks, and the pale threat'ning ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues.
 See here his lot; up yon' green hill he climbs,
 Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back
 On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain;
 But wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale;
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beams
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
 Was still rewarded with successful love.
 But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men;
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chase him from thence: needless their impious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
 Black, and imboss; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave
 Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
 Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip

Stops full their bold career : passive they stand, 495
Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious, crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
So at their gen'ral voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams, 500
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With fresh-recruiting might. The stag, who hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din : he shivers ev'ry limb;
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe. 505
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load : he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath 510
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprise him, soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles 515
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm 520
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill warbling in each glade, prelude

To his approaching fate. And now in view,
 With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
 What strength is left: to the last drops of life
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
 Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
 And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
 These grov'ling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
 He stands at bay against yon' knotty trunk,
 That covers well his rear; his front presents
 An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble Train!
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
 To dare some great exploit; he charges home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side
 Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
 Urges his course with eager violence,
 Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
 Precipitant: down the mid stream he wafts
 Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet
 Sure anchorage he finds, there sculks in-mers'd:

His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and, struggling, strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily Corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew

Upon her deck he flings, these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
 And clinging climb aloft, while those on board
 Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves 385
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unrevenge'd to die.
 So fares it with the stag; so he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes, in one deep gulf immers'd. 390
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;
 Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
 The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks:
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds 395
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
 Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed hungry pack
 Retire submissive, and, grumbling, quit their prey. 399
 Great Prince! from thee what may thy subjects
 So kind and so beneficent to brutes? [hope,
 O mercy, heav'nly born! sweet attribute!
 'Thou great, thou best, prerogative of pow'r!
 Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure, 603
 And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
 Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
 And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace. 608

THE CHASE.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

OF the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrageous madness; its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd to earth returns,
 Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
 Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
 Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
 Of man alone, that particle divine,
 Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
 Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish
 And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
 The brute creation are his property,
 Subservient to his will, and for him made:
 As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
 Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
 Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
 Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now

As vainly preach, the teeming rav'nous brutes 15
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe; should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root 25
Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree;
Far shall his pack be sam'd, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon. 30

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm 35
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest nor food they take, 40
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars

Annoy thy peaceful state: If left at large,
 The growling rivals in dread battle join
 And rude encounter: on Seamander's streams
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought
 For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite bounds shall lie
 Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
 A field of blood: like some unhappy town
 In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
 Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
 And still the best belov'd and bravest fall:
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills by timely prudent care
 Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select
 Some happy paramour; to him alone
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
 Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers inworn.
 Observe with care his shape, fort, colour, size:
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
 His inward habits. The vain babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong:
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
 With false alarms and loud impertinence.
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks

Illusive from the pack, to the next hedge
 Devious he strays, there ev'ly mife he tries;
 If haply then he cross the steaming scent;
 Away he flies vain-glorious, and exalts
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
 And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
 His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails;
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose;
 His master's hate, and scorn of all the field
 What can from such be hop'd but a base brood
 Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant, race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
 With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink;
 Without Lucina's aid expect thy hopes
 Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce twilight
 The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their guide, they seek the pointing teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
 Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
 Select with joy; but to the merciless flood
 Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
 Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide;
 And to the foster parent give the care.

Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
 The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
 Her tenderness and hospitable love;
 If frolic now and playful they desert
 Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
 With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic Chase,
 Coursing around, unto thy choicest friends
 Commit thy valu'd prize: the rustic dames
 Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
 Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
 Carefs, and dignify their little charge
 With some great title, and resounding name
 Of high import. But cautious here observe
 To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
 Th' unexperie'd younker, immature,
 Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
 Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,
 And strength unequal, the laborious Chase
 Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
 Contract such vicious habits as thy care
 And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
 Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
 But as thy cooler prudence shall direct
 Select a few, and form them by degrees
 To stricter discipline. With these consort
 The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles

And subtle doublings of the various Chase;
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train;
 When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
 If the too forwardly youngster at the head
 Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
 Correct his haste, and let him feel a lash;
 The ruling whip; but if he stoop behind
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose
 Confiding sure, give him full scope to work
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
 His patience and his care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
 And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft' lead them forth where wanton lambskins play,
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
 Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
 In the soul fast attach'd, to the strong ram
 Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
 His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground;
 Then with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
 The panting wretch, till, breathless and astunn'd,
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
 The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
 Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice,

Harsh-echoing from the hills, incalculate drench'd vs 153
 His vile office coo: Sooner shall trembling doves, yd T
 Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air id, gair G
 Affail their dang'rous foe, than be once more: du V
 Disturb the peaceful flocks: In tender age id 10
 Thus youth is train'd, as curious artists bend on 160
 The taper pliant twig, or potters form
 Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes: id IV
 Nor is 't enough to breed, but to preserve id 10
 Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,
 Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few, id 165
 Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
 The Gordian knot when reason at a stand A id 10
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain. id yd b' l' 10
 O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads, 169
 O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd,
 Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way: id I
 As party-thiefs in senates who preside, gair sq yd T
 With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
 Conduct the staring multitude, to these id 10
 Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve, id 175
 And loudly boast discov'ries not their own.
 Unnumber'd accidents and various ills id 10
 Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads, 177
 And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
 Short is their span; few at the date arrive id 180
 Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
 So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious, brute! id 10

Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
 Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense :
 Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er 185
 With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
 The proper remedy. But, O! what cure,
 What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst 190
 Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
 The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
 Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
 More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite,
 Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting, 195
 Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
 Bake the dry-gaping surface, visit thou,
 Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
 Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood, 200
 The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
 Retiring to some close obscure retreat,
 Gloomy, disconsolate, with speed remove
 The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
 Bind him suspected: Thus that dire disease 205
 Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
 A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death;
 Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
 Sits sadly pining, deep melancholy 210

And black despair upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Distilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd;
He droops his pensive head; his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like some angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air; with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes: If haply t'ward the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round;
The pack fly diverse; for what'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.
If now perchance thro' the weak fence escap'd,

He now shall find his death.

Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
 Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
 He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
 (Who haply now without the kennel's mound
 Crops the rank mead, and, list'ning, hears with joy
 'The cheering cry that morn and eve salutes
 His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
 Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
 Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
 Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd: no more shalt thou
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn
 And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
 Glad his proud heart; for, oh! the secret wound
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies!
 Hence to the village with pernicious haste
 Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
 Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
 Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
 And flying cures, by native instinct taught,
 Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
 From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
 In wild disorder and uncouth array;
 Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
 At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe,
Where Horror stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour presents
A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends while senseless squabble reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the Vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound: spare not thy flesh, nor dread th'event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then

If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure, but soon shall with
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal and superior ill
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heav'n, the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake

His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch: his fluttering pulse
Oft' intermits: pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain: to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares: at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns; for as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves,
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink; till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.
One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads

Perpetual glide along, and undermine
 The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
 Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
 Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
 On the green wat'ry weed their pasture graze;
 Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
 Rock'd by the restless brook that draws a slow
 Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes
 Where rages not oppression? where, alas!
 Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
 Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike;
 He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
 Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears,
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
 The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,
 Infatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
 The huntsman's early call; and fees with joy
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle sponger, of the beaver-kind, y'ellow 1386
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
 The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk
 Contrives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
 His long parkien; lord of the stream, and all
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave Youth,
 Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry foot,
 And ev'ry ready bank; incourage all
 The busy-spreading pack, that scalds and plunge
 Into the flood; and cross the rapid stream;
 Bid rocks and caves; mid each resounding shore
 Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
 Each cheering voice; till distant hills repeat
 The triumphs of the tale. On the soft sand
 See there his seal impress'd; and thence what band
 Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish
 Scales, fins, and bones; the leavings of his feast.
 Ah! on that yielding sag-bell; see, once more
 His seal I view. O'er yon bank robb'd and shrouded
 The fly goose-footed prowler bends his course;
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman! bring
 Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
 Hark! the loud peal begins; the clamorous joy,
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
 Ye Naiads sail, who o'er these floods preside;
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
 And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
 Float with the stream, and ev'ry winding creek

And hollow rock, that b'een the dimpling flood
 Nods pendent, still improve from shore to shore
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts! 410
 What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds
 Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
 Not quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
 The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily 415
 They snuff the fishy steam that to each blade
 Rank-scenting cling! See! how the morning dews
 They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind
 Now on firm land they range; then in the flood 420
 They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools
 Rustling they work their way; no holt escapes
 Their curious search. With quick sensation now
 The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
 And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth 425
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
 That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
 The passing wave, must be the tyrant's sort,
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
 While others at the root incessant bay! 430
 They put him down: See, there he dives along
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way!
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
 Into the shelving deep. Ah! there he vents
 The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears

Menace destruction, while the troubled surge 436
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
See! that bold hound has seiz'd him; down they sink,
Together lost; but soon shall he repent 441
His rash assault. See! there escap'd, he flies,
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry bank,
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use, 445
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element; yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents; 450
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath;
With him it mounts, sure guide to ev'ry foe. 455
Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon' sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and
On pointed spears they lift him high in air; thro',
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains, 462
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies, he dies!

And hollow rock, that b'et the dimpling flood: T
 Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore: 118
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shout! 119
 What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds
 Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way! 120
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 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind 122
 Now on firm land they range; then in the flood 123
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 Their curious search! With quick sensation now
 The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
 And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth 124
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 That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
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 And dread abode. Blow these impatient climb,
 While others at the root incessant bay 125
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Rejoice, ye scaly Tribes! and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and blest, did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man with all his various wiles,

O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless. What if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals, nor Raphael's works
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold,
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r
The flow'ry landscape and the gilded dome,
And vistas op'ning to the weany'd eye
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can's lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night, who mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great
See, there he comes, the exulting idol comes
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth: from ev'ry mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns

With promises that die as soon as born,
 Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place;
 Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
 The pageant of a day; without one friend
 To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
 For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
 The insects vanish as his beams decline.

Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
 No wicked int'rest, bribes the venal heart;
 But inclination to our bosoms leads,
 And weds them there for life; our social cups
 Smile as we smile; open and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls; good-humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit, from malice free,
 Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
 Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
 Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
 Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure?

O ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind your care,
 Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
 Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit to adore
 That great creative Will who at a word
 Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul,
 To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing, unskill'd to range

From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way, 1320
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine; 1321
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice 1322
Who, veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone 1323
Gives light to all, bids the great system move, 1324
And changeful seasons in their turns advance; 1325
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself; yet this at least 1326
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life; 1327
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits 1328
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise 1329
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want; 1330
That dares not ask: and if, to crown my joys, 1331
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks, 1332
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and streams, 1333
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below, 1334
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds shall wake 1335
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round. 1336

TO MR. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my patron, being the greatest master in the burlesque way. In this indeed you have some advantage of your poetical brethren, that you paint to the eye; yet remember, Sir, that we give speech and motion, and a greater variety to our figures. Your province is the Town; leave me a small outride in the country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree to make vice and folly the object of our ridicule, and not cannot fail to be of some service to mankind. I am,

SIR,

Your admirer, and most humble servant,

W. S.

PREFACE.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor bards, when we have acquired a little reputation, to print ourselves into disgrace. We climb the Aonian mount with difficulty and toil; we receive the bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our hold, and fall at once to the bottom.

The Author of this piece would not thus be *felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by persons unknown; but

as he is satisfied that there are many imperfect copies of this trifle dispersed abroad, and as he is credibly informed that he shall soon be exposed to view in such an attitude as he would not care to appear in, he thinks it most prudent, in this desperate case, to throw himself on the mercy of the public, and offer this whimsical work a voluntary sacrifice, in hope that he stands a better chance for their indulgence, now it has received his last hand, than when curtailed and mangled by others.

The poets of almost all nations have celebrated the games of their several countries. Homer began, and all the mimic tribe followed the example of that great father of poetry. Even our own Milton, who laid his scene beyond the limits of this sublunary world, has found room for descriptions of this sort, and has performed it in a more sublime manner than any who went before him. His, indeed, are sports, but they are the sports of angels. This gentleman has endeavoured to do justice to his countrymen, the British freeholders, who, when dressed in their holiday clothes, are by no means persons of a despicable figure, but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest hero in the Iliad. There is also some use in descriptions of this nature, since nothing gives us a clearer idea of the genius of a nation than their sports and diversions. If we see people dancing, even in wooden shoes, and a fiddle always at their heels, we

are soon convinced of the levity and volatile spirit of those merry slaves. The famous bull-feasts are an evident token of the Quixotism and romantic taste of the Spaniards; and a country-wake is too sad an image of the infirmities of our own people: we see nothing but broken heads, bottles flying about, tables overturned, outrageous drunkenness, and eternal squabble.

Thus much of the subject: it may not be improper to touch a little upon the style. One of the greatest poets and most candid critics of this age has informed us that there are two sorts of burlesque. Be pleased to take it in his own words, *Spectator*, N^o 242. "Burlesque," says he, "is of two kinds, the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics whether burlesque runs best in heroic, like the *Dispensary*, or in doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the most proper measure; but where an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is best done in doggrel." Thus far Mr. Addison. If therefore the heroic is the proper measure where the low character is to be raised, Milton's style must be very proper in the subject here treated of, because it raises the low character more than is possible to be done under the restraint of

rhyme, and the ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low character. I beg leave to refer to the authority of Mr. Smith, in his poem upon the death of Mr. John Philips; the whole passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an idea of his manner of writing, that the reader will not think his labour lost in recurring to it.

But here it may be objected that this manner of writing contradicts the rule in Horace:

Veribus exponi tragici res comica non vult.

Monsieur Boileau, in his dissertation upon the Jaconde of de la Fontaine, quotes this passage in Horace, and observes, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une histoire comique et absurde en termes graves et sérieux.* But then he justly adds this exception to the general rule in Horace, *à moins que ce sérieux ne soit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque.* If the observation of that celebrated critic, Mons. Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same Epistle to the Pisos, and not far distant from the rule here mentioned, has aimed to improve the burlesque by the help of the sublime, in his note upon this verse:

*Debemur morti nos nostraque, sive receptus
Terra Neptunus----*

And upon the five following verses has this general remark, *Toutes ces expressions nobles qu'Horace entasse*

dans ces six vers seroit à rendre plus plaisante cette chute?

Ne Dum verborum nec honos. —

Car vein on contribue tant au ridicule que le grand.

He indeed would be severe upon himself alone who should censure this way of writing, when he must plainly see that it is affected on purpose, only to raise the ridicule, and give the reader a more agreeable entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry tale so much as its being delivered with a grave and serious air. Our imaginations are agreeably surpris'd, and fond of a pleasure so little expected; whereas he who would bespeak our laughter by an affected grimace and ridiculous gestures, must play his part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the idea he has rais'd. It is true Virgil was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean subject;

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angustia hunc addere rebus honorem.*

But tells us, for our encouragement, in another place,

*In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, si quem
Numina levis sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

Mr. Addison is of the same opinion, and adds, that the difficulty is very much increased by writing in blank verse. "The English and French," says he, "who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or by the pomposeness of the whole phrase to wear off any littleness that ap-

"appears in the particular parts that compose it; this
 "makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme
 "to support the expression, extremely difficult to such
 "as are not masters of the tongue, especially when
 "they write upon low subjects." *Remarks upon Italy*,
 p. 99. But there is even yet a greater difficulty be-
 hind: the writer in this kind of burlesque must not
 only keep up the pomp and dignity of the style, but
 an artful sneer should appear through the whole work;
 and every man will judge that it is no easy matter to
 blend together the hero and the Harlequin.

If any person should want a key to this poem, his
 curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain words, tell
 him, "It is a satire against the luxury, the pride, the
 "wantonness, and quarrellsome temper, of the mid-
 "dling sort of people." As these are the proper and
 genuine causes of that barefaced knavery, and almost
 universal poverty, which reign without control in
 every place; and as to these we owe our many bank-
 rupt farmers, our trade decayed, and lands unculti-
 vated, the Author has reason to hope that no honest
 man, who loves his country, will think this short re-
 proof out of season; for perhaps this merry way of
 bantering men into virtue may have a better effect
 than the most serious admonitions, since many who
 are proud to be thought immoral are not very fond of
 being ridiculous.

HOBBINOL:

THE RURAL GAMES.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

Sed me Parnassi desertis per ardua dulcis

Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum

Canalium molli Alcantara lobata effuso

CANTO I.

The Argument.

PROPOSITION. Invocation, addressed to Mr. John Phillips, author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The seat of Hobbinol, Hobbinol, a great man in his village, seated in his wicker smoking his pipe, has one only son. Young Hobbinol's education, bred up with Ganderetta his near relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen king and queen of May: her dress and attendants. The May-games. Twangaillo the leader, his character. The dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary performance. Bagpipes good music in the Highlands. Miltonides, master of the ring, disciplines the mob: proclaims the several prizes: his speech. Passoril takes up the belt: his character; his heroic figure; his confidence. Hobbinol, by permission of Ganderetta, accepts the challenge, vaults into the ring: his honourable behaviour; escapes a scourging. Ganderetta's agony. Passoril's folly. Ganderetta not a little pleased.

WHAT old Menalcus at his feast reveal'd
I sing, strange feats of ancient prowess, deeds
Of high renown, while all his list'ning guests
With eager joy receiv'd the pleasing tale.

O thou *! who late on Vaga's flow'ry banks 5
 Slumb'ring secure, with Stirom † well bedew'd,
 Fallacious cask, in sacred dreams were taught
 By ancient seers, and Merlin, prophet old,
 To raise ignoble themes with strains sublime,
 Be thou my guide, while I thy track pursue, 10
 With wing unequal, thro' the wide expanse
 Advent'rous range, and emulate thy flights.

In that rich vale ‖, where with Dobunian † fields
 Cornavian + borders meet, far fam'd of old
 For Montfort's § hapless fate, undaunted earl, 15
 Where from her fruitful urn Avona pours
 Her kindly torrent on the thirsty glebe,
 And pillages the hills t' enrich the plains;
 On whose luxurious banks flow'rs of all hues
 Start up spontaneous, and the teeming soil 20
 With hasty shoors prevents its owner's pray'r;
 The pamper'd wanton steer, of the sharp axe
 Regardless, that o'er his devoted head
 Hangs menacing, crops his delicious bane,
 Nor knows the price is life; with envious eye 25
 His lab'ring yokefellow beholds his plight,
 And deems him bless'd while on his languid neck
 In solemn sloth he tugs the ling'ring plough.
 So blind are mortals, of each other's state

* Mr. John Phillips. † Strong Herefordshire cyder.
 ‖ Vale of Evesham. † Gloucestershire. + Worcestershire.
 § Simon de Montfort, killed at the battle of Evesham.

Misjudging, self-deceiv'd, Here, as supreme, did o3b
 Stern Hobbinol in rural plenty reign, oml o3b 104
 O'er wide-extended fields, his large domains, o3b 104
 Th' obsequious villagers, with looks submissive o3b 104
 Observant of his eye, or when with seed o3b 104
 T' impregnate earth's fat womb, or when to bring o3b 104
 With clam'rous joy the bearded harvest home, a b36
 Here, when the distant sun lengthens the nights, o3b 104
 When the keen frosts the shiv'ring farmer warn o3b 104
 To brouch his mellow cask, and frequent blasts baA
 Instruct the crackling billets how to blaze, o3b 104
 In his warm swicker chair, whose pliant twigs, o3b 104
 In close embraces join'd, with spacious arch o3b 104
 Vault the thick-woven roof, the bloated chub o3b 104
 Loiters in state, each arm reclin'd is propp'd o3b 104
 With yielding pillows of the softest down, o3b 104
 In mind compos'd, from short cheval tube o3b 104
 He sucks the vapours bland, which curling clouds o3b 104
 Of smoke around his reeking temples play, o3b 104
 Joyous he sits, and, impotent of thought, o3b 104
 Puffs away care and sorrow from his heart, o3b 104
 How vain the pomp of kings! look down, ye great! o3b 104
 And view with envious eye the downy nest o3b 104
 Where soft Repose and calm Contentment dwell! A
 Unbrib'd by wealth, and unrestrained by pow'r o3b 104
 One son alone had blest his bridal bed, o3b 104
 Whom good Calista bore, nor Jolig surviv'd o3b 104
 To share a mother's joy, but left the babe o3b 104

To his paternal care. An orphan nicot, g^o gh^o u^o e^o l^o M
 Near the same time his dying brother sent, J^o l^o l^o 13
 To claim his kind support. The helpless pair, 13 60
 In the same cradle slept; nurs'd up with care
 By the same tender hand, on the same breasts, 13 d^o 14
 Alternate hung with joy till reason dawn'd,
 And a new light broke out by slow degrees, 13 d^o 15
 Then on the floor the pretty wantons play'd, 13 H 65
 Gladding the farmer's heart with growing hopes,
 And pleasures erst unselt. When'er with cares
 Oppress'd, when weary'd, or alone he doz'd,
 Their harmless prattle sooth'd his troubled soul, 13
 Say, Hobbinol, what ecstasies of joy
 Thrill'd thro' thy veins, when climbing for a kiss
 With little palms they strok'd thy grizzly beard,
 Or round thy wicker whirl'd their rattling cars?
 Thus from their earliest days bred up, and train'd
 To mutual fondness, with their stature grew
 The thriving passion. What love can decay
 That roots so deep! Now rip'ning manhood curl'd
 On the gay stripling's chin: her panting breasts,
 And trembling blushes glowing on her cheeks,
 Her secret wish betray'd. She at each mart
 All eyes attracted; but her faithful shade,
 Young Hobbinol, ne'er wander'd from her side
 A frown from him dash'd ev'ry rival's hopes;
 For he, like Pelus' son, was prone to rage,
 Inexorable, swift like him of foot,

With ease could overtake his dastard foe,
Nor spar'd the suppliant wretch. And now approach'd
Those merry days when all the nymphs and swains
In solemn festivals and rural sports
Pay their glad homage to the blooming spring.
Young Hobbinol by joint consent is rais'd
To imperial dignity, and in his hand
Bright Ganderetta tripp'd the jovial queen
Of Maia's gaudy month, profuse of flow'rs:
From each enamell'd mead the attendant nymphs,
Loaded with od'rous spoils, from those select
Each flow'r of gorgeous dye, and garlands weave
Of party-colour'd sweets; each busy hand
Adorns the jocund queen; in her loose hair
That to the winds in wanton ringlets plays,
The tufted cowslips breathe their faint perfumes;
On her resulgent brow, as crystal clear,
As Parian marble smooth, Narcissus hangs
His drooping head, and views his image there;
Unhappy flow'r! pansies of various hue,
Iris, and Hyacinth, and asphodel,
To deck the nymph their richest liv'ries wear,
And lavish all their pride. Not Flora's self
More lovely smiles when to the dawning year
Her op'ning bosom heav'nly fragrance breathes.
See on yon verdant lawn the gath'ring crowd
Thickens again; the bawny nymphs advance
Usher'd by jolly clowns: distinctions cease

Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave
 Leans on his wealthy master unprov'd;
 The sick no pains can feel, no wants the poor
 Round his fond mother's neck the smiling babe
 Exulting clings; hard by decrepit Age,
 Propp'd on his staff, with anxious thought, revolves
 His pleasures past, and casts his grave remarks
 Among the heedless throng. The vigorous youth
 Strips for the combat, hopeful to subdue
 The fair-one's long disdain, by valour now
 Glad to convince her coy erroneous heart,
 And prove his merit equal to her charms.
 Soft Pity pleads his cause; blushing she views
 His brawny limbs, and his undaunted eye,
 That looks a proud defiance on his foes;
 Resolv'd and obstinately firm he stands;
 Danger nor death he fears, while the rich prize
 Is victory and love. On the large bough
 Of a thick-spreading elm Twangdillo sits;
 One leg on Ister's banks the hardy swain
 Left undismay'd, Bellona's lightning scorch'd
 His manly visage; but in pity left
 One eye secure. He many a painful bruise
 Intrepid felt, and many a gaping wound,
 For brown Kate's sake, and for his country's weal:
 Yet still the merry bard without regret
 Bears his own ills, and with his sounding shell
 And comic phiz relieves his drooping friends.

Hark! from aloft his tortur'd catgut squeals,
He tickles ev'ry string, to ev'ry note
He bends his pliant neck, his single eye
Twinkles with joy, his active stump beats time: 145
Let but this subtle artist softly touch
The trembling chords, the faint expiring swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding maid
Is tweedled into love. See with what pomp
The gaudy bands advance in trim array! 150
Love beats in ev'ry vein, from ev'ry eye
Darts his contagious flames. They frisk, they bound;
Now to brisk airs and to the speaking strings
Attentive, in midway the sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse fronts they close, and press 155
To strict embrace, as resolute to force
And storm a passage to each other's heart.
Till by the varying notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil disparted: each with longing eyes
Pursues his mate retiring, till again 160
The blended sexes mix; then hand in hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In mazes intricate. The jocund troop,
Pleas'd with their grateful toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth braway limbs, and knock their heels
Sonorous: down each brow the trickling balm 166
In torrents flows, exhaling sweets refresh
The gazing crowd, and heav'nly fragrance fills
The circuit wide. So danc'd in days of yore,

When Orpheus play'd a lesson to the brutes, 170
 The list'ning savages; the speckled pard
 Dandled the kid; and with the bounding roe
 The lion gamboll'd. But what heav'nly Muse
 With equal lays shall Ganderetta sing,
 When goddess-like she skims the verdant plain; 175
 Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry ravish'd eye
 The nymph attracts, and ev'ry heart she wounds;
 Thee most, transported Hobbinol! Lo, now,
 Now to thy op'ning arms she scuds along,
 With yielding blushes glowing on her cheeks, 180
 And eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon
 Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain embrace,
 But flies to be pursu'd; nimbly she trips,
 And darts a glance so tender as she turns,
 That with new hopes reliev'd thy joys revive, 185
 Thy stature 's rais'd, and thou art more than man.
 Thy stately port, and more majestic air,
 And ev'ry sprightly motion, speaks thy love.

To the loud bagpipe's solemn voice attend,
 Whose rising winds proclaim a storm is nigh. 190
 Harmonious blasts! that warm the frozen blood
 Of Caledonia's sons to love or war,
 And cheer their drooping hearts, robb'd of the sun's
 Enliv'ning ray, that o'er the snowy Alps
 Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better climes. 195

Forthwith in hoary majesty appears
 One of gigantic size, but visage wan,

Milonides the strong, renown'd of old
For feats of arms, but, bending now with years,
His trunk unwieldy from the verdant turf
He rears deliberate, and with his plant
Of toughest virgin oak in rising aids
His trembling limbs: his bald and wrinkled front,
Intrench'd with many a glorious scar, bespeaks
Submissiverer'ence. He with count'nance grim
Boasts his past deeds, and with redoubled strokes
Marshals the crowd, and forms the circle wide
Stern arbiter! Like some huge rock he stands,
That breaks th'incumbent waves; they thronging press
In troops confus'd, and rear their foaming heads
Each above each, but from superior force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest view
A liquid theatre. With hands uplift,
And voice Stentorian, he proclaims aloud
Each rural prize. "To him whose active foot
" Foils his bold foe, and rivets him to earth,
" This pair of gloves, by curious virgin hands
" Embroider'd, seam'd with silk, and fring'd with gold.
" To him who best the stubborn hilts can wield,
" And bloody marks of his displeasure leave
" On his opponent's head, this beaver white,
" With silver edging grac'd, and scarlet plume.
" Ye taper Maidens! whose impetuous speed
" Outflies the roe, nor bends the tender grass,
" See here this prize, this rich lac'd smoke behold,

"White as your bosoms, as your kisses soft;
 "Bless'd Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar
 "Allots this pompous vest, and worthy deems [grace
 "To win a virgin, and to wear a bride."

The gifts refulgent dazzle all the crowd, 230
 In speechless admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
 Ev'n he who now each glorious palm displays,
 In fullen silence views his batter'd limbs,
 And sighs his vigour spent. Not so appall'd
 Young Pastorel, for active strength renown'd: 235
 Him Ida bore, a mountain shepherdess;
 On the bleak wold the new-born infant lay,
 Expos'd to winter snows and northern blasts
 Severe. As heroes old, who from great Jove's
 Derive their proud descent, so might he boast 240
 His line paternal: but be thou, my Muse!
 No leaky blab, nor painful umbrage give
 To wealthy 'squire, or doughty knight, or peer
 Of high degree. Him ev'ry shouting ring
 In triumph crown'd, him ev'ry champion fear'd, 245
 From Kiftsgate * to remotest Henbury *.
 High in the midst the brawny wrestler stands,
 A stately tow'ring object! the tough belt
 Measures his ample breast, and shades around
 His shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens 250
 The tempting prize, in his presumptuous thought
 Already gain'd; with partial look the crowd

* Two hundreds in Gloucestershire.

Approve his claim; but Hobbinol, enrag'd
To see th' important gifts so cheaply won,
And uncontested honours tamely lost,
With lowly reverence thus accosts his queen.
“Fair Goddess! be propitious to my vows;
“Smile on thy slave, nor Hercules himself
“Shall rob us of this palm: that boaster vain
“Far other port shall learn.” She, with a look
That pierc'd his inmost soul, smiling applauds
His generous ardour, with aspiring hope
Distends his breast; and stirs the man within;
Yet much, alas! she fears; for much she loves.
So from her arms the Paphian queen dismiss'd
The warrior god, on glorious slaughter bent;
Provok'd his rage, and with her eyes inflam'd
Her haughty paramour. Swift as the winds
Dispel the fleeting mists at once he strips
His royal robes, and with a frown that chill'd
The blood of the proud youth, active he bounds
High o'er the heads of multitudes reclin'd
But, as bescem'd one whose plain honest heart
Nor passion-soul nor malice dark as hell,
But honour pure, and love divine, had fir'd;
His hand presenting, on his sturdy foe
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as thought,
With his left hand the belt, and with his right
His shoulder, seiz'd fast griping; his right foot
Essay'd the champion's strength; but firm he stood,

Fix'd as a mountain-ash, and in his turn 281
 Repaid the bold affront; his horny fist
 Fast on his back he clos'd, and shook in air
 The cumbrous load. Nor rest nor pause allow'd;
 Their watchful eyes instruct their busy feet; 285
 They pant, they heave, each nerve, each sinew, is
 strain'd;
 Grasping they close, beneath each painful gripe
 The livid tumours rise, in briny streams
 The sweat distils, and from their batter'd skins
 The clotted gore distains the beaten ground. 290
 Each swain his wish, each trembling nymph conceals
 Her secret dread, while ev'ry panting breast
 Alternate fears and hopes depress or raise.
 Thus long in dubious scale the contest hung,
 Till Pastorel, impatient of delay, 295
 Collecting all his force, a furious stroke
 At his left ankle aim'd; 't was death to fall,
 To stand impossible. O Ganderetta!
 What horrors seize thy soul! on thy pale cheeks
 The roses fade: but wav'ring long in air,
 Nor firm on foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,
 On his right knee he slipp'd, and nimbly 'scap'd
 The foul disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd rope
 The wingy-footed artist, frail support
 Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful shrieks the crowd
 Lament his sudden fate, and yield him lost. 306
 He on his hands, or on his brawny rump,

Sliding secure, derides their vain distress.
 Up starts the vig'rous Hobb' nol undismay'd
 From Mother Earth, like old Antæus, rais'd 310
 With might redoubled. Clamour and applause
 Shake all the neighb'ring hills, Avona's banks
 Return him loud acclaim: with ardent eyes,
 Fierce as a tiger rushing from his lair,
 He grasp'd the wrist of his insulting foe; 315
 Then with quick wheel oblique his shoulder point,
 Beneath his breast he fix'd, and, whirl'd aloft,
 High o'er his head the sprawling youth he flung:
 The hollow ground rebellow'd as he fell.
 The crowd press forward with tumultuous din, 320
 Those to relieve their faint expiring friend,
 With gratulations these. Hands, tongues, and caps
 Outrageous joy proclaim, shrill fiddles squeak,
 Hoarse bagpipes roar, and Ganderetta similes. 324

HOBBINOL.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

THE fray: Tantorio, Collin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakip, Munduhgo. Sir Rhadamanth, the justice, attended with his guards, comes to quell the fray. Rhadamanth's speech. Tumult opposed. Gorgonius the butcher takes up the hilt; his character. The Kiltigations' consternation, look wistfully on Hobbinol, his speech. The cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knocked down, falls upon Twangdillo; his distress; his lamentation over his broken saddle.

Long while a universal hubbub loud,
Deaf'ning each ear, had drown'd each accent mild,
Till biting taunts and harsh opprobrious words
Vile entrance found. How weak are human minds!
How impotent to stem the swelling tide,
And without insolence enjoy success!
The vale-inhabitants, proud, and elate
With victory, know no restraint, but give
A loose to joy. Their champion Hobbinol
Vaunting they raise above that Earth-born race 10
Of giants old, who, piling hills on hills,
Pelion on Ossa, with rebellious aim
Made war on Jove. The sturdy mountaineers,
Who saw their mightiest fall'n, and in his fall
Their honours past impair'd, their trophies, won 15
By their proud fathers, who with scorn look'd down
Upon the subject vale, sully'd, despoil'd,

And level'd with the dust, no longer bear
The keen reproach: but as when sudden fire
Seizes the ripen'd grain; whose burning ears
Invade the reaper's hand, the furious god
In footy triumph dreadful rides, pheroe
On wings of wind, that with destructive breath
Feeds the fierce flames, from ridge to ridge he bounds
Wide waving, and pernicious rain spreads
So thro' the crowd from host to host he flies
The propagated rage, loud wails & oaths,
Like thunder bursting from a cloud, gave light
Of wrath & vengeance. Prompt to supply
With arms & armour, and rough well-learn'd plans,
Weighty &ish lead infused; on either host
Fall thick and heavy; stock in pieces rent,
And chairs, and furms, and batter'd & bowls, are hurled
With fall like bombs the hottest fly
Hissing in air, their sharp-edg'd fragments drench'd
In the warm spouting gore; the spears in heaps
Promiscuous lie. Tenfold now advanced
On the rough edge of battle, his broad front
Beneath his shining helmet bore, his
Washline, Mambrino, stout Iberian knight
Defy'd the rattling storm that on his head
Fell innocent & able's ragged frame
In his right hand he bore, Herculean club
Crowds push'd on crowds before his potent arm
Fled ignominious; havoc and dismay

Hung on their rear. Colin, a merry twain,
 Blithe as the soaring lark, as sweet the strains
 Of his soft-warbling lips that whistling cheer
 His lab'ring team, they toss their heads well pleas'd,
 In gaudy plumage deck'd, with stern diffidence
 Beheld this victor proud; his gen'rous soul
 Brook'd not the fool's disgrace. High o'er his head
 His pond'rous ploughstaff in both hands he rais'd;
 Ere the flood, and stretching ev'ry nerve
 As from a forceful engine, down it fell
 Upon his hollow'd helm, that yielding sunk
 Beneath the blow, and with its sharpen'd edge
 Shear'd both his ears, they on his shoulders broad
 Hung ragged. Quick as thought the vig'rous youth
 Short'ning his staff, the other end he darts
 Into his gaping jaws. Toss'd and toss'd
 Sore maim'd, with ponn'd teeth and dotted gore
 Half-chok'd, he fled, with him the host retires
 Companions of his shame; all but the stout
 And erst unconquer'd Hildebrand, brave man
 Bold champion of the hills; thy weighty blow
 Our fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy post
 Unmov'd, whilom thy valour's choice, now
 Necessity compels; decrepit now
 With age, and stiff with honourable wounds
 He stands unherrys'd; one crutch sustains
 His frame majestic, the other in his hand
 He wields tremendous; like a mountain hoar

In toils inclos'd, he dares his circling foes:
 They shrink aloof, or soon with shame repent
 The rash assault; the rustic heroes fall
 In heaps abound; Cuddy, a dextrous youth,
 When force was vain on fraudulent artelyd;
 Close to the ground low-cow'ring, unperceiv'd,
 Cautious he crept, and with his crooked bill
 Cut sheer the frail support, prop of his age:
 Reeling a while he stood, and menac'd fierce
 Th' insidious swain, reluctant now at length
 Fell prone, and plough'd the dust. So the tall oak,
 Old monarch of the groves, that long had stood
 The shock of warring winds and the red bolts
 Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy shade
 At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
 The cruel woodman spy the friendly spur,
 His only hold, that sever'd, soon he nods
 And shakes th' incumber'd mountain as he falls.
 When manly valour fail'd a female arm
 Restor'd the fight. As in th' adjacent booth
 Black Cipdaxaxa's busy hand prepar'd
 The smoky viands, she beheld, abash'd,
 The routed host, and all her dastard friends
 Far scatter'd o'er the plain; their shameful flight
 Griev'd her proud heart, for hurry'd with the stream
 Ev'n Talgol too had fled, her darling boy.
 A flaming brand from off the glowing hearth
 The greasy heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale foes

The threat'ning meteor shone, brandish'd in air, as if
 Or round their heads in ruddy circles play'd, as if
 Across the prostrate Hildebrand she strode, as if
 Dreadfully bright to the multitude, appall'd, as if
 Fled diff'rent ways, their beards, their hair, inflames,
 Imprudent she pursu'd, till on the brink of a pool
 Of the next pool, with force united press'd, as if
 And waving round with huge two-handed sway
 Her blazing arms, into the muddy lake, as if
 The bold virago fell. Dire was the fray
 Between the warring elements; of old
 Thus Mulciber and Xanthus Dardan stream
 In hideous battle join'd. Just sinking now
 Into the boiling deep, with suppliant hands,
 She begg'd for life, black ouse and filth obscene
 Hung in her matted hair; the shouting crowd
 Insult her woes, and, proud of their success,
 The dripping Amazon in triumph lead
 Now, like a gathering storm, the rally'd troops
 Blacken'd the plain. Young Talgol from their front,
 With a fond lover's haste, swift as the hind,
 That by the huntsman's voice alarm'd, had fled,
 Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy brake,
 Where her dear saviour lay hid, into the booth
 Impatient rush'd; but when the fatal tale
 He heard, the dearest treasure of his soul
 Purloin'd, his Cindy lost, stiffen'd and pale
 A while he stood, his kindling ire at length

Burst forth implacable, and injur'd love 130
 Shot lightning from his eyes: a spit he felt'd;
 Just reeking from the fat sirloin, a long
 Unwieldy spear; then with impetuous rage
 Press'd forward on th' embattled host, that thrunk
 At his approach. The rich Avaro first, 135
 His fleshy rump bor'd with dishonest wounds,
 Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous flocks,
 Nor all th' aspiring pyramids that grace
 His yard well-stor'd, save the penurious clown,
 Here Cubbin fell, and there young Collaking, 140
 Nor his fond mother's pray'rs, nor ardent vows
 Of love-sick maids, could move relentless Fate:
 Where'er he rag'd, with his far-beaming lance
 He thinn'd their ranks, and all their battle swerv'd
 With many an inroad gor'd; then cast around 145
 His furious eyes, if haply he might find
 The captive fair: her in the dust he spy'd
 Grov'ling, disconsolate; those locks that erst
 So bright shone like the polish'd jet defil'd
 With mire impure; thither with eager haste 150
 He ran, he flew; but when the wretched maid
 Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping wounds,
 And welt'ring in her blood, his trembling hand
 Soon dropp'd the dreaded lance: on her pale cheeks
 Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing storm 155
 That on his bare defenceless brow fell thick
 From ev'ry arm: o'erpow'r'd at last, down sunk

His drooping head, on her cold breast reclin'd;
Hail, faithful pain! if ought my verse avail;
Nor Envy's spite nor Time shall e'er efface
The records of your fame: blind British bards,
In ages yet to come, on festal days
Shall chant this mournful tale, while list'ning nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry generous heart
With active valour glows and virtuous love:
How blind is popular fury! how perverse;
When broils intestine rage, and force controls
Reason and law! As the torn vessel sinks,
Between the burst of adverse waves o'erwhelm'd,
So fares it with the neutral head, between
Contending parties bruise'd, incessant peal'd
With random strokes that undiscerning fall;
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends;
Mundungo from the bloody field retir'd,
Close in a corner ply'd the peaceful bowl;
Incurious he, and thoughtless of events,
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapp'd in the cloud
That issu'd from his mouth, and the thick fogs
That hung upon his brows; but hostile rage
Inquisitive found out the rusty swain.
His short black tube down his fur'd throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious gripe
The bulky jordan, that before him stood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid freight disgorg'd
Upon the prostrate clown; flound'ring he lay
Beneath the muddy bev'rage whelm'd, so late

His prime delight! Thus the luxurious wassail, nosed
Voracious insect! by the fragrant dregs of flowers
Allur'd, and in the viscous nectar plung'd, in quest
His filmy pennons struggling flaps in vain, run
Lost in a flood of sweets: Still o'er the plain
Fierce onset and tumultuous battle spread;
And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd
With animated rage, while nought around
Is heard but clamour, shout, and female cries,
And curses mix'd with groans: Discord on high
Shook her infernal scourge, and o'er their heads
Scream'd with malignant joy; when, lo! between
The warring hosts appear'd sage Rhadamanth,
A knight of high renown: Nor Quixote bold,
Nor Amadis of Gaul, nor Hudibras,
Mirror of knighthood! e'er could vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! thy front severe,
As humble Indians to their pagods bow,
The clowns submit approach: Themis to thee
Commits her golden balance, where she weighs
Th' abandon'd orphan's sighs, the widow's tears;
By thee gives sure redress, comforts the heart
Oppress'd with woe, and rears the suppliant knee.
Each bold offender hides his guilty head,
 Astonish'd, when thy delegated arm
Draws her vindictive sword; at thy command,
Stern minister of pow'r supreme! each ward
Sends forth her brawny myrmidons, their clubs

Blazon'd with royal arms; dispatchful haste 215
 Sits earnest on each brow, and public care.
 Encompas'd round with these his dreadful guards,
 He spurr'd his sober steed, grizzled with age,
 And venerably dull; his stirrups stretch'd
 Beneath the knightly load, one hand he fix'd 220
 Upon his saddle-bow, the other palm
 Before him spread, like some grave orator
 In Athens, or free Rome, when eloquence
 Subdu'd mankind, and all the list'ning crowd
 Hung by their ears on his persuasive tongue; 225
 He thus the jaring multitude address'd: [flow'r
 " Neighbours, and friends, and countrymen, the
 " Of Kistgate! ah! what means this impious broil?
 " Is then the haughty Gaul no more your care?
 " Are Landen's plains so soon forgot, that thus 230
 " Ye spill that blood inglorious, waste that strength
 " Which, well employ'd, once more might have com-
 " The stripling Anjou to a shameful flight? [pell'd
 " Or by your great forefathers taught, have fix'd
 " The British standard on Lutetian tow'rs? 235
 " O sight odious, detestable! O times
 " Degenerate, of ancient honour void!
 " This fact so foul, so riotous, insults
 " All law, all sov'reign pow'r, and calls aloud
 " For vengeance: but, my friends! too well ye know
 " How slow this arm to punish, and how bleeds 241
 " This heart, when forc'd on rigorous extremes.

" O Countrymen all, all I can testify of, I beseege you
" My vigilance, my care for public good, all day and night
" I am the man who by your own free choice have
" Selected from all the tribes, in senate's rude and noisy
" Each warm debate, and emptied all my stores
" Of ancient science in my country's cause, and aid
" Wise Tacitus, of penetration deep, who said
" Each secret spring reveal'd; Thucydides bold
" Breath'd liberty, and all the mighty dead, who said
" Rais'd at my call, the British rights confirm'd, and
" While Musgrave, How, and Seymour sneer'd in
" I am the man who from the bench exalts my voice
" This voice, still grateful to your ears, this voice, which
" Which breathes for you alone. Where is the wretch
" Distress'd, who in the cobwebs of the law is
" Entangled, and in subtle problems lost, who goes
" Seeks not to me for aid! in shoals they come
" Neglected, feeble clients, nor return old debts
" Unedify'd; scarce greater multitudes, who come
" At Delphi sought the god, to learn their fate, who said
" From his dark oracles, I am the man, who said
" Whose watchful providence beyond the date
" Of this frail life extends, to future times, who said
" Beneficent, my useful schemes shall cheer
" The commonweal in ages yet to come, and
" Your children's children, taught by me, shall keep
" Their rights inviolable; and as Rome, who said
" The Sibyl's sacred books, tho' wrote on leaves,
" And scatter'd o'er the ground, with pious awe

Hockleian hero! nor was more deform'd
 The Cyclops blind, nor of more monstrous size;
 Nor his void orb more dreadful to behold,
 Weeping the putrid gore, severe revenge
 Of subtle Ithaca. Terribly gay,
 In his buff doublet, larded o'er with fat,
 Of slaughter'd brutes, the well-oild champion shone:
 Sternly he gaz'd stoop'd; with many a frown
 Pierce menacing, provok'd the tardy foe;
 For now each combatant, that erst so bold
 Vaunted his manly deeds, in pensive mood
 Hung down his head, and fix'd on earth his eyes,
 Pale and dismay'd. On Hobbinol at last
 Intent they gaz'd, in him alone their hope
 Each eye solicits him, each panting heart
 Joins in the silent wish. Soon he perceiv'd
 Their secret wish, and eas'd their doubting minds
 "Ye men of Kistgate! whose wide-spread fame
 In ancient days were sung from shore to shore
 To British bards of old, and to the Muse
 Too well alas! in your pale cheeks I view
 Your dastard souls. O mean degenerate race!
 But since ye call, each suppliant eye
 Invites my sovereign aid, lo! here I stand;
 The bulwark of your fame, the charger of your brow
 Are dry from glorious toils, just now I come
 To vindicate your worth. Lo! here I swear
 By all my great forefathers' fair renown,
 By that illustrious wicker where they sat

"In comely pride, and in triumphant state he stood 330
 "Gave law to passive clowns; on this spot, O'er
 "In glory, he print, your Hobbinol expires, and
 "And from his dearest Ganderetta's arms
 "Sinks to Death's cold embrace, or by this hand 10
 "That stranger, big with insolence, shall fall 335
 "Prone on the ground, and do your honour right."
 "Forthwith the hilts he seiz'd; but on his arm
 "Fond Ganderetta hung, and round his neck
 "Curl'd in a soft embrace, Honour and love won 10
 "A doubtful contest; wag'd, but from her foot 340
 "He sprung relentless; all her tears were vain;
 "Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild:
 "All should I merit these imperial robes,
 "Ensigns of majesty, by general voice 10
 "Confer'd; should pain, or death itself, avail 345
 "To shake the steady purpose of my soul;
 "Peace, Fair one! Heaven will protect the man
 "By thee held dear, and crown thy generous love."
 "Her from the list'd field the matrons sage
 "Reluctant drew, and with fair speeches sooth'd 350
 "Now front to front the fearless champions meet."
 "Gorgonius, like a tow'rs' whole cloudy top
 "Invades the skies, stood low'ring; far beneath
 "The stripling Hobbinol with careful eye
 "Each opposing scans, and each ungarded space 355
 "Measures intent. While, negligently bold,
 "The bulky combatant, whose heart elate
 "Disdain'd his puny foe, now fondly deem'd

At one decisive stroke to win or hurt,
 An easy victory, down came at once
 The pond'rous plant, with felonious rage,
 Aim'd at his head direct; but the tough hilt
 Swift intercept'd, and his effort vain;
 The cautious Hobbinol, with steady feet,
 Now shifts his ground, retreating then again
 Advances bold, and his guard
 Batters, serves, hatches well, and
 Bites to the quick; thick as the falling hail
 The strokes redoubled peal
 The multitude, amazed with noise, view'd
 The rattling storm, shrink back at angry blows,
 And seem to feel his wounds, as if the groat
 And gnash'd his teeth, and from his bloodshot eye
 Red lightning flash'd; the force tumultuous rage
 Shook all his mighty fabric; and once again
 Erect he stands, collected and resolv'd
 To conquer or to die; as swift as the bolt
 Of angry Jove, the weighty plant descends;
 But wary Hobbinol, who watchful eye
 Perceiv'd his kind intent, slip'd on one side
 Declining; the vain stroke from such a height,
 With such a force impell'd, headlong drew down
 Th' unwieldy champion, along he slid
 He fell rebounding breathless, and as he
 His trunk extended lay; late main'd; from out
 His heaving breast he puff'd a crimson smoke
 Indignant, at the friendly hills oppos'd

Full leisurely he rose, but conscious shame
 Of honour lost his failing strength renew'd
 Rage, and revenge, and ever-during hate,
 Blacken'd his stormy front; rash, furious, blind,
 And lavish of his blood, of random strokes
 He laid on load; without design or art
 Onward he press'd outrageous, while his foe
 Encircling wheels, or inch by inch retired,
 Wife niggard of his strength. Yet all thy care,
 O Hobbinol! avail'd not to prevent
 One hapless blow, nor his strong guard the plant
 Tapp'd pliant, and its knotty point impress'd
 His nervous chine: he wreath'd him to and fro
 Convolv'd, yet, thus distress'd, intrepid bore
 His hilts aloft, and guarded well his head,
 So when th' unwary clown with hasty step
 Crashes the folded snare; her wounded parts
 Grovelling the trails along, but her high neck
 Erect she bears, in all its pride
 She swells inflam'd, and with her forked tongue
 Threatens destruction. With like eager hakes
 The impatient bloodhound whom exellve pain
 Stung in his heart, and speedy vengeance vow'd
 Nor waited long the means: a faint he made
 With well-dissembled guile, his batter'd shins
 Mark'd with his eyes, and menac'd with his plant.
 Gorgonius, whose long full ring legs scarce bore
 His cumbrous bulk, to his supporters frail
 Indulgent, soon the friendly hilts oppos'd;

Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded crest
 The stroke delusive fell; a dismal groan
 Burst from his hollow chest; his trembling hands
 Forsook the hilts; across the spacious ring
 Backward he reel'd; the crowd affrighted fly
 To escape the falling ruin. But, alas!
 'Twas thy hard fate, Twangdillo! to receive
 His ponderous trunk: on thee, on helpless thee!
 Headlong and heavy the soul monster fell.
 Beneath a mountain's weight th' unhappy bard
 Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy song,
 O seer of Thrace! nor more severe thy fate.
 His vocal shell, the solace and support
 Of wretched age, gave one melodious scream
 And in a thousand fragments strow'd the plain;
 The nymphs, sure friends to his harmonious mirth,
 Fly to his aid, his hairy breast expose
 To each refreshing gale, and with soft hands
 His temples chafe; at their persuasive touch
 His fleeting soul returns; upon his rump
 He sat disconsolate; but when, alas!
 He view'd the shatter'd fragments, down again
 He sunk expiring: by their friendly care
 Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,
 And thrice the rising sobb his voice subdu'd,
 Till thus at last his wretched plight he mourn'd:
 "Sweet instrument of mirth! sole comfort left
 To my declining years! whose sprightly notes

" Restor'd my vigour, and renew'd my bloody, stiff
 " Soft healing balm to ev'ry wounded heart 443
 " Despairing dying swains, from the cold ground
 " Uprais'd by thee, at thy melodious call 444
 " With ravish'd ears receiv'd the flowing joy,
 " Gay pleasantry and care-beguiling joke
 " Thy sure attendants were, and at thy voice 450
 " All Nature smil'd. But, oh! this hand no more
 " Shall touch thy wanton strings, no more with lays
 " Alternate, from oblivion dark redeem
 " The mighty dead, and vindicate their fame 451
 " Vain are thy toils, O Hobbinol! and all 453
 " Thy triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave man!
 " Thy bold exploits? who shall thy grandeur tell,
 " Supreme of Kiftgate? See thy faithful bard
 " Despoil'd, undone! O cover me, ye Hills
 " Whose vocal cliffs were taught my joyous song,
 " Or thou, fair nymph, Avon! on whose banks 461
 " The frolic crowd, led by my num'rous swains,
 " Their orgies kept, and frisk'd it o'er the green,
 " Jocund and gay, while thy murm'ring streams
 " Dan'd by well pleas'd. Oh! let thy friendly waves
 " O'erwhelm a wretch, and hide this head accur'd!
 " So plains the restless Philomel, her nest 467
 " And callow young, the tender growing hope
 " Of future harmony, and frail return
 " For all her cares, to barb'rous churls a prey,
 " Darkling she sings, the woods repeat her moan. 471

HOBBINOL.

CANTO III.

The Argument.

GOOD eating expedient for heroes. Homer praised for keeping a table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's bill of fare. Panegyric upon afe. Gossiping over a bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's perplexity discovered by Hobbinol; his consolatory speech; compares himself to Guy Earl of Warwick. Ganderetta, encouraged, strips for the race; her amiable figure. Fusca the gypsy; her dirty figure. Tabitha her great reputation for speed; hired to the Dissenting Academy at Tewksbury. A short account of Gamaliel the master, and his hopeful scholars. Tabitha carries weight. The smock race. Tabitha's fall. Fusca's short triumph; her humiliation. Ganderetta's matchless speed. Hobbinol lays the prize at her feet. Their mutual triumph. The vicissitude of human affairs experienced by Hobbinol. Mopsa, formerly his servant, with her two children, appears to him. Mopsa's speech; assaults Ganderetta; her flight; Hobbinol's prodigious fright; is taken into custody by constables, and dragged to Sir Rhadamanth's.

Tho' some of old, and some of modern date,
Penurious their victorious heroes fed
With barren praise alone, yet thou, my Muse!
Benevolent, with more indulgent eyes
Behold th' immortal Hobbinol; reward
With due regalement his triumphant toils:
Let Quixote's hardy courage and renown
With Sancho's prudent care be meetly join'd.

O thou, of bards supreme, Maenonides!
What well-fed heroes grace thy hallow'd page!
Laden with glorious spoils, and gay with blood
Of slaughter'd hosts, the victor chief returns:
Whole Troy before him fled, and men and gods
Oppos'd in vain: for the brave man, whose arm

Repell'd his country's wrong, ev'n he, the great 15
 Atrides, king of kings! ev'n he, prepares
 With his own royal hand the sumptuous feast.
 Full to the brim the brazen caldrons smoke;
 Thro' all the busy camp the rising blaze
 Attests their joy; heroes and kings forego 20
 Their state and pride, and at his elbow wait
 Obsequious. On a polish'd charger plac'd
 The bulky chine, with plenteous fat inlaid,
 Of golden hue, magnificently shines.
 The choicest morsels sever'd to the gods, 25
 The hero next, well paid for all his wounds,
 The rich repast divides with Jove; from out
 The sparkling bowl he draws the gen'rous wine,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted joy
 His heart o'erflows. In like triumphant port 30
 Sat the victorious Hobbinol; the crowd
 Transported view, and bless their glorious chief:
 All Kiftgate sounds his praise with joint acclaim.
 Him ev'ry voice, him ev'ry knee, confess,
 In merit as in right their king. Upon 35
 The flow'ry turf, earth's painted lap, are spread
 The rural dainties, such as Nature boons
 Presents with lavish hand, or such as owe
 To Ganderetta's care their grateful taste,
 Delicious; for she long since prepar'd 40
 To celebrate this day, and with good cheer
 To grace his triumphs. Crystal gooseberries
 Are pil'd on heaps; in vain the parent tree

Defends her luscious fruit with pointed spears;
The ruby-tinctur'd corinth clust'ring hangs;
And emulates the grape; green codlings float
In dulcet creams; nor wants the last year's store;
The hardy nut, in solid mail secure,
Impregnable to winter frosts, repays
Its hoarder's care: the custard's jelly'd flood,
Impatient youth with greedy joy devours
Cheefecakes and pies, in various forms uprais'd,
In well-built pyramids aspiring stand;
Black hams, and tongues that speechless can persuade
To ply the brisk carouse, and cheer the soul
With jovial draughts. Nor does the jolly god
Deny his precious gifts; here jocund swains,
In uncouth mirth delighted, sporting quaff
Their native bev'rage; in the brimming glass
The liquid amber smiles. Britons! no more
Dread your invading foes; let the false Gaul,
Of rule insatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtle wiles, from th' adverse shore
Pour forth his num'rous hosts: Iberia! join
Thy tow'ring fleets, once more aloft display
Thy consecrated banners, fill thy sails
With pray'rs and vows, most formidably strong
In holy trump'ry; let old Ocean groan
Beneath thy proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitless all their toils,
Vain ev'ry rash effort, while our fat glebe,
Of barley-grain productive, still supplies

The flowing treasure, and with sums immense
 Supports the throne; while this rich cordial warms
 The farmer's courage, arms his stubborn soul
 With native honour and resistless rage
 Thus vaunt the crowd; each freeborn heart o'erflows
 With Britain's glory and his country's love
 Here, in a merry knot combin'd; the nymphs
 Pour out mellifluous streams, the balmy spoils
 Of the laborious bee. The modest maid
 But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd:
 Each lover with observant eye beholds
 Her graceful frame, and at her glowing cheeks
 Rekindles all his fires: but matrons sage,
 Better experienc'd, and instructed well
 In midnight mysteries, and feast-rites old,
 Grasp the capacious bowl; nor cease to draw
 The spumy nectar. Healths of gay import
 Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly,
 Insinuating, gilds the specious tale
 With treach'rous praise, and with a double face
 Ambiguous Wantonness demurely sneers,
 Till circling brimmers ev'ry veil withdraw,
 And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd
 Others apart, in the cool shade retir'd,
 Silurian cyder quaff, by that great bard
 Ennobled who first taught my grow'ling Muse
 To mount aerial. O! could I but raise
 My feeble voice to his exalted strains,
 Or to the height of this great argument,

The gen'rous liquid in each lip should bounce 10
 Spirit'ous, nor oppressive cork subdue 11
 Its foaming rage; but to the lusty theme 12
 Unequal, Muse! decline the pleasing task 13

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy turf 14
 Revell'd at large, while nought around was heard 15
 But mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd joy, 16
 And laughter far resounding; serious Care 17
 Found here no place, to Ganderetta's breast 18
 Retiring; there with hopes and fears perplex'd 19
 Her fluctuating mind. Hence the soft sigh 20
 Escapes unheeded; spight of all her art, 21
 The trembling blushes on her lovely cheeks 22
 Alternate ebb and flow; from the full glass 23
 She flies abstemious, thuns th' untasted feast 24
 But careful Hobbinol, whose am'rous eye 25
 From her's ne'er wander'd, haunting still the place 26
 Where his dear treasure lay, discover'd soon 27
 Her secret woe, and bore a lover's part. 28
 Compassion melts his soul, her glowing cheeks 29
 He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting heart 30
 He press'd to his; then with these soothing words, 31
 Tenderly smiling, her faint hopes reviv'd. 32

"Courage, my Fair! the splendid prize is thine:
 "Indulgent Fortune will not damp our joys, 33
 "Nor blast the glories of this happy day, 34
 "Hear me, ye Swains! ye men of Kistgate! hear, 35
 "Tho' great the honours by your hands conferr'd, 36
 "These royal ornaments, tho' great the force 37

" Of this puissant arm, as all must own,
 " Who saw this day the bold Gorgonius fall,
 " Yet were I more renown'd for feats of arms,
 " And knightly prowess, than that mighty Guy,
 " So fam'd in antique song, Warwick's great earl,
 " Who slew the giant Colbrand, in fierce fight
 " Maintain'd a summer's day, and free'd this realm
 " From Danish vassalage; his pond'rous sword
 " And massy spear attest the glorious deed;
 " Not less his hospitable soul is seen
 " In that capacious caldron, whose large freight
 " Might feast a province; yet were I like him,
 " The nation's pride, like him I could forego
 " All earthly grandeur, wander thro' the world
 " A jocund pilgrim, in the lonesome den
 " And rocky cave with these my royal hands
 " Scrop the cold stream, with herbs and roots content,
 " Mean sustenance, could I by this but gain
 " For the dear fair the prize her heart desires.
 " Believe me, charming Maid! I'd be a worm,
 " The meanest insect, and the lowest thing
 " The world despises, to enhance thy fame."
 So cheer'd he his fair queen, and she was cheer'd
 : Now, with a noble confidence inspir'd,
 Her looks assure success; now stripp'd of all
 Her cumbrous vestments, beauty's vain disguise,
 She shines unclouded in her native charms.
 Her plaited hair behind her in a braid
 Hung careless; with becoming grace each blush

Vary'd her cheeks, than the gay rising dawn'd 166
 More lovely, when the new-born light salutes
 The joyful earth, impurpling half the skies;
 Her heaving breast, thro' the thin covering view'd;
 Fix'd each beholder's eyes; her taper thighs,
 And lineaments exact, would mock the skill 171
 Of Phidias; Nature alone can form
 Such due proportion. To compare with her
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
 Fair virgin huntress! for the chase array'd,
 With painted quiver and unerring bow, 176
 Were but to lessen her superior mien,
 And goddess-like deport. The master's hand,
 Rare artificer! with proper shades improves
 His lively colouring; so here, to grace
 Her brighter charms, next her upon the plain
 Fusca the brown appears, with greedy eye
 Views the rich prize; her tawny front erect
 Audacious, and with her legs unclean,
 Booted with grime, and with her freckled skin
 Offends the crowd. She of the Gypsy train 181
 Had wander'd long; and the sun's scorching rays
 Imbrown'd her visage grim; artful to view
 The spreading palm, and with vile cant deceive
 The love-sick maid, who barters all her store
 For airy visions and fallacious hope. 186
 Gorgonius, if the current fame say true,
 Her comrade once, they many a merry prank
 Together play'd, and many a mile had stroll'd;

For him sit mate: Next Tabinha, the tall red-brown
 Strode o'er the plain, with huge gigantic pace,
 And overlook'd the crowd, known far and near
 For matchless speed; the many a prize had won;
 Pride of that neighb'ring mart*, for mustard-sown,
 Sharp-hitting grain, where amicably join'd
 The sister floods, and with their liquid arms
 Greeting embrace. Here Gamahel sage,
 Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
 Trains up his babes of grace; instructed well
 In all the gainful discipline of prayer
 To point the holy leek, by just degrees
 To close the twinkling eye, to expand the palms,
 To expose the whites, and with the slightest ball
 To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink
 The docile voice; now murmuring soft and low
 With inward stent calm, and then again
 In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence:
 Let loose the storm, and thunder thro' the rose
 The threaten'd vengeance; every Muse profane
 Is banish'd hence, and Heliconian streams
 Deserted, the fam'd Leman lake supplies
 More plenteous draughts, of more divine import
 Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
 Each grace divine bestows; nor yet denies
 Carnal beatitudes, sweet privilege
 Of saints elect, royal prerogative!

* Tewksbury, in the vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

Here in domestic cares employ'd, and bound,
 To annual servitude, frail Tabitha;
 Her pristine vigour lost, now mourns in vain,
 Her sharpen'd visage, and the sickly quail,
 That grieve her soul; a prey to Love, while Grace
 Slept heedless by! yet her undaunted mind
 Still meditates the prize, and still she hopes
 Beneath th' unwieldy load her wonted speed,
 Others of meaner fame the stately Muse
 Records not; on more lofty flights intent,
 She spurns the ground, and mounts her native skies.

Room for the master of the ring! ye Swains!
 Divide your crowded ranks. See! there on high
 The glitt'ring prize, on the tall standard borne,
 Waving in air; before him march in files
 The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum,
 Of solemn sound, and th' animating horn,
 Each huntsman's joy, the tabor and the pipe,
 Companion dear at feasts, whose cheerful notes
 Give life and motion to th' unwieldy clown,
 Ev'n Age revives, and the pale pining maid
 Feels ruddy health rekindling on her cheeks,
 And with new vigour trips it o'er the plain.
 Counting each careful step, he paces o'er
 Th' allotted ground, and fixes at the goal
 His standard; there himself majestic swells
 Stretch'd in a line, the panting rivals wait
 Th' expected signal, with impatient eyes

Measure the space between, and in conceit
Already grasp the warm-contested prize. 243
Now all at once rush forward to the goal,
And step by step, and side by side, they ply
Their busy feet, and leave the crowd behind.
Quick heaves each breast, and quick they shoot along
Thro' the divided air, and bound it o'er the plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals 251
Short hopes, short fears, and momentary joy.
The breathless throng with open throats pursue,
And broken accents shout imperfect praise.
Such noise confes'd is heard, such wild uproar, 255
When on the main the swelling surges rise,
Dash o'er the rocks, and, hurrying thro' the flood,
Drive on each other's backs, and crowd the strand.
Before the rest tall Tabitha was seen
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the field; 260
Swift as the shooting star that gilds the night
With rapid transient blaze, she runs, she flies.
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful course, but drooping sinks away,
And, like that falling meteor, there she lies 265
A jelly cold on earth. Fused with joy
Beheld her wretched plight; o'er the pale corpse
Fusulting bounds; Hope gave her wings, and now,
Exerting all her speed, step after step
At Ganderetta's elbow urg'd her way, 270
Her shoulder pressing, and with poisonous breath

Tainting her iv'ry neck. Long while had held
The sharp contest, had not propitious Heav'n,
With partial hands, to such transcendent charms
Dispens'd its favours: for as o'er the green
The careless Gypsy, with incautious speed,
Push'd forward, and her rival fair had reach'd
With equal pace, and only not o'erpass'd,
Haply she treads where late the merry train,
In wasteful luxury and wanton joy,
Lavish had spilt the cyder's frothy flood,
And mead with custard mix'd. Surpris'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous puddle struggling long,
She slipp'd, she fell; upon her back supine
Extended lay; the laughing multitude
With noisy scorn approve her just disgrace.
As the sleek lev'ret skims before the pack,
So flies the nymph, and so the crowd pursue:
Borne on the wings of wind, the Dear-one flies,
Swift as the various goddess, nor less bright
In beauty's prime, when thro' the yielding air
She darts along, and with refracted rays
Paints the gay clouds; celestial messenger,
Charg'd with the high behests of Heav'n's great queen!
Her at the goal with open arms receiv'd
Fond Hobbinol; with active leap he seiz'd
The costly prize, and laid it at her feet:
Then pausing stood, dumb with excess of joy,
Expressive silence! for each tender glance

Betray'd the raptures that his tongue conceal'd. 300
 Less mute, the crowd, in echoing shouts, applaud
 Her speed; her beauty, his obsequious love.
 Upon a little eminence, whose top
 O'erlook'd the plain, a steep but short ascent,
 Plac'd in a chair of state, with garlands crown'd, 305
 And loaded with the fragrance of the spring,
 Fair Ganderetta shone, like Mother Eve;
 In her gay sylvan lodge, delicious bow'r!
 Where Nature's wanton hand, above the reach
 Of rule or art, had lavish'd all her store 310
 To deck the flow'ry roof, and at her side
 Imperial Hobbinol; with front sublime,
 Great as a Roman consul, just return'd
 From cities sack'd and provinces laid waste,
 In his paternal wicker sat enthron'd. 315
 With eager eyes the crowd about them press,
 Ambitious to behold the happy pair.
 Each voice, each instrument, proclaims their joy
 With loudest vehemence: such noise is heard
 Such a tumultuous din, when, at the call 320
 Of Britain's sovereign, the rustic bands
 O'erspread the fields; the subtle candidates
 Dissembled Homage pay, and court the fools
 Whom they despise; each proud majestic clown
 Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the taste 325
 Of pow'r supreme, frail empire of a day
 That with the setting sun extinct is lost.

Nor is thy grandeur, mighty Hobbinol!
Of longer date. Short is, alas! the reign
Of mortal pride: we play our parts a while,
And strut upon the stage; the scene is chang'd,
And offers us a dungeon for a throne.
Wretched vicissitude! for after all
His tinsel dreams of empire and renown,
Fortune, capricious dame, withdraws at once
The goodly prospect, to his eyes presents
Her whom his conscious soul abhor'd and fear'd.
Lo! pushing thro' the crowd, a meagre form,
With hasty step, and visage incompass'd:
Wildly she star'd; rage sparkled in her eyes,
And poverty sat shrinking on her cheeks:
Yet thro' the cloud that hung upon her brows
A faded lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its beams, the ruins of a face
Impair'd by time, and shatter'd by misfortunes.
A froward babe hung at her flabby breast,
And tugg'd for life, but wept, with hideous moan,
His frustrate hopes and unavailing pains.
Another o'er her bending shoulder peep'd,
Swaddled around with rags of various hue.
He kens his comrade-twin with envious eye,
As of his share defrauded; then again
He also screams, and to his brother's cries
In doleful concert joins his loud laments.
O dire effect of lawless love! O sting

Of pleasures past! As when a full-freight ship,
 Bless'd in a rich return of pearl or gold;
 Or fragrant spice, or silks of costly dye,
 Makes to the wish'd-for port with swelling sails,
 And all her gaudy trim display'd; o'erjoy'd
 The master smiles; but if from some small creek
 A lurking corsair the rich quarry spies,
 With all her sails bears down upon her prey,
 And peals of thunder from her hollow sides
 Check his triumphant course; aghast he stands,
 Stiffen'd with fear, unable to resist,
 And impotent to fly, all his fond hopes
 Are dash'd at once! nought now, alas! remains
 But the sad choice of slavery or death!
 So far'd it with the hapless Hobbinol,
 In the full blaze of his triumphant joy
 Surpris'd by her whose dreadful face alone
 Could shake his stedfast soul. In vain he turns,
 And shifts his place averse; she haunts him still,
 And glares upon him with her haggard eyes,
 That fiercely spoke her wrongs. Words swell'd with
 At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.
 "Know'st thou not me? false man! Not to know me
 "Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,
 "Puff'd up with pride, and bloated with success,
 "Is injur'd Mopsa then so soon forgot?
 "Thou knew'st me once, ah! woe is me! thou didst.
 "But if laborious days and sleepless nights,

" If hunger, cold, contempt, and penury,
 " Inseparable guests, have thus disguis'd
 " Thy once-belov'd, thy handmaid dear; if thine
 " And Fortune's frowns have blasted all my charms;
 " If here no roses grow, no lilies bloom,
 " Nor rear their heads on this neglected face;
 " If thro' the world I range a slighted shade,
 " The ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown,
 " At least know these. See! this sweet simp'ring babe,
 " Dear image of thyself; see how it sprunts
 " With joy at thy approach! see how it gilds
 " Its soft smooth face with false paternal smiles!
 " Native deceit, from thee, base man! deriv'd;
 " Or view this other elf, in ev'ry art
 " Of smiling fraud, in ev'ry treach'rous leer,
 " The very Hobbinol! Ah! cruel man!
 " Wicked ingrate! And couldst thou then so soon
 " So soon forget that pleasing fatal night
 " When me, beneath the flow'ry thorn surpris'd,
 " Thy artful wiles betray'd? was there a star
 " By which thou didst not swear? was there a curse,
 " A plague on earth, thou didst not then invoke
 " On that devoted head, if e'er thy heart
 " Prov'd haggard to my love, if e'er thy hand
 " Declin'd the nuptial bond? But, oh! too well,
 " Too well, alas! my throbbing breast perceiv'd
 " The black impending storm; the conscious moon
 " Veil'd in a sable clond her modest face,

" And boding owls proclaim'd the dire event:
 " And yet I love thee.—Oh! couldst thou behold
 " That image dwelling in my heart! But why,
 " Why waste I here these unavailing tears? 415
 " On this thy minion, on this tawdry thing,
 " On this gay victim, thus with garlands crown'd,
 " All, all my vengeance fall! ye Lightnings! blast
 " That face accurs'd, the source of all my woe:
 " Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all hell break loose,
 " While thus I lead you to my just revenge, 421
 " And thus!—Up starts th' astonish'd Hobbinol
 To save his better half. " Fly, fly," he cries,
 " Fly, my dear life! the fiend's malicious rage."

Borne on the wings of fear, away she bounds, 425
 And in the neighb'ring village pants forlorn.
 So the cours'd hare to the close covert flies,
 Still trembling, tho' secure. Poor Hobbinol
 More grievous ills attend: around him press
 A multitude, with huge Herculean clubs, 430
 Terrific band! the royal mandate these
 Insulting shew: arrested, and amaz'd,
 Half dead he stands; no friends dare interpose,
 But bow dejected to th' imperial scroll:
 Such is the force of law. While conscious shame 435
 Sits heavy on his brow, they view the wretch
 To Rhadamanth's august tribunal dragg'd;
 Good Rhadamanth! to ev'ry wanton clown
 Severe, indulgent to himself alone. 439

FIELD SPORTS *

Advertisement.

THE several acts of parliament in favour of Falconry are an evident proof of that high esteem our ancestors had conceived for this noble diversion. Our neighbours, France, Germany, Italy, and all the rest of Europe, have seemed to vie with one another who should pay the greatest honours to the courageous Falcon. Princes and states were her protectors, and men of the greatest genius, and most accomplished in all sorts of literature, with pleasure carried the Hawk on their fists: but the princes of Asia, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, &c. have greatly outdone us Europeans in the splendour and magnificence of their field parades, both as huntsmen and falconers: for though the description of flying at the stag and other wild beasts with eagles may be thought a little incredible, yet permit me to assure the reader that it is no fiction, but a real fact. All the ancient books of Falconry give us an account of it, and the relations of travellers confirm it: but what I think puts it out of all dispute is the description the famous Monsieur de Thou has

* Mr. Somerville's poem upon Hawking, called Field Sports, was sent to Mr. Lyttelton, to be read to the Prince to whom it is inscribed. It seems he is fond of hawking.

Shenstone, Letter to Mr. Graves, Dec. 24. 1742.

given us in his Latin poem, *De re Accipitraria*, lately reprinted at Venice in 1735, with an Italian translation and notes.

Hoc studio Hæmonii circumsonat aula tyranni,
Tercentum illi equites, quoties venabula poscit,
Tor pedites adsuat: longo æneus omne remugit
Latrantum occurſu, venatorumque repulſis
Vocibus; heic gemini, neque enim ſatis eſſe ferendo
Unus tanto oneri poſſit, cedente petrauro
Circum aquilam geſtant, aliam totidem inde miniſtri
Impoſitam ſubeunt: quarum minor illa volucris
Ore canum voces ſingit, nemora ævia complens
Porrige ingenti: latebris tam eſcita repente
Inſolix fera prorumpit: ruit altera demum
Sublimis compar magno ſtridore per auras,
Involat inque oculos et provolat, atque capaces
Expandens per inane ſinus, caligine denſa,
Horribiliſque ſupervolitantæ cœlum, obruit umbra.
Nec minor interea obſiſtit: ſublimis ut illa,
Hæc humilis ſic terga volans premit et latoſ urget:
Necæ gradum reſerat retro, et veſtigia verſat,
Sed Caprea aut Cervus ſeſt tulit obſcius illis,
Roſtro atque ungue minax vetat, et cum comparſa virga
Alternat ſoclas, artemque remunerat arte,
Nec mora, nec regulæ: ſuſciliſ exterrita tantis
Donec in inſidias cæca convalle locatas
Precipitet rabidis fera mox lanianda Molochis.

I am very much obliged to thoſe gentlemen who have read with favour my poem upon Hunting: their goodneſs has encouraged me to make this ſhort ſupplement to the Chæſe, and in this poem to give them ſome account of all the more polite entertainments of the field.

FIELD SPORTS.

A POEM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

----- Hæc incondita solus
Montibus, et sylvis, studio jactabat inani. VIRG. *Ecl.* ii.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION, ver. 1. Description of flying at the flag with taglet, after the manner of the Asiatic princes, 7. Description of horn-hawking, 100. Of flying at the river, 179. Partridge-hawking, 232. Daring the lark with snibbly just mentioned, 235. Shooting flying, 242. Setting, 245. Angling, 261. Conclusion, 271.

ONCE more, great Prince! permit an humble bard
Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet,
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Tow'ring aloft, sublime, to soar and sing,
Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.
In earlier times monarchs of Eastern race,
In their full blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up th' imperial eagle, sacred bird!
Hooded, with jingling bells she perch'd on high;
Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,

Mankind her quarry; but a docile slave,
 Tam'd to the lure, and careful to attend
 Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd, 15
 Abbas the great, (whom all his fawning slaves
 Deem'd king of kings, vain fools! they sure forgot
 Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits*
 Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on heaps,
 A dreadful carnage!) see his num'rous host 20
 Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
 Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
 Two sister eagles, stately pond'rous birds!
 The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
 Fly to the neighb'ring covert's dark retreats. 25
 The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
 In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
 The ruflet plain, and mimics as she flies
 (By many a sleepless night instructed well)
 The hound's loud op'nings, or the spaniel's quest. 30
 What cannot wakeful industry subdue!
 Mean while that mounts on high, and seems to view
 A black ascending cloud, when pierc'd the gloom
 Of vapours dank condens'd; the sun's bright beams
 Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails 35
 Works thro' th' ethereal fluid, then perhaps
 Sees thro' a break of clouds this self-pois'd orb
 Hard by her handmaid moon. She looks beneath
 Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,

* Straits of Thermopylae. See *The Story of Xerxes*.

This molehill earth, and all its busy ants, 40
 Lab'ring for life, which lasts so short a day;
 Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my souly friend,
 That breath of life which all men must perceive; ni
 But none distinctly know, when once escap'd
 From this poor helpless corse, and when on high 45
 Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
 On this mean less'ning world, and knaves grown rich
 By chance, or fraud, or insolence of pow'r.
 Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
 With less ambition nearer earth she tends, 50
 As yet scarce visible, and high in air
 Plois'd on extended wings, with sharper ken
 Attentive marks what'er is done below.
 Thus some wise gen'ral from arising ground
 Observes th' embattled foe, where seried ranks 55
 Forbid access, or where their order loose
 Invites th' attack, and points the way to fate.
 All now is tumult; each heart swells with joy;
 The fal'ners shout and the wide concave rings;
 Tremble the forests round; the joyous cries 60
 Float thro' the vales, and rocks, and woods, and hills,
 Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the flag,
 Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess;
 Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide!
 Now hurries him aghast with busy feet 65
 Far o'er the spacious plain: he pants to reach
 The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step

To climb the craggy cliff; the grayhounds strain
 Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
 Their gaping jaws. One eagle wheeling flies
 In airy lab'rinths, or with easier wing
 Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
 With hideous cries, then peals his forehead broad,
 Or at her eyes his fatal malice aims:
 The other, like the bolt of angry Heav'n,
 Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
 Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
 His pamper'd chine: the blood and sweat distill
 From many a dripping furrow stains the soil.
 Who pities not this fury-haunted wretch,
 Embarrass'd thus, on every side distressed,
 Death will relieve him; for the grayhounds fierce,
 Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground:
 Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears
 He looks on many chief author of his woe,
 And weeps, and dies! The grandees press around
 To dip their sabres in his boiling blood:
 Unseemly joy 'tis barb'rous to insult
 A fallen foe. The dogs and birds of prey
 Insatiate on his reeking bowels feast,
 But the stern falc'ner claims the lion's share.
 Such are the sports of kings, and better far
 Than royal robb'ry, and the bloody jaws
 Of all-devouring war. Each animal,
 By nat'ral instinct taught, spares his own kind;

But man, the tyrant man! revels at large;
 Free-booter unrestrain'd, destroys at will
 The whole creation, men and beasts his prey,
 These for his pleasure; for his glory those.
 Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
 Aerial fights, where no confederate brute
 Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
 Justs in mid air. Look at his siege the hern,
 Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
 Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
 Himself another's game; for mark, behind
 The wily falcon creeps; his grazing horse
 Conceals the treach'rous foe, and on his fist
 Th' unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
 She meditates her prey, and in her wild
 Conceit already plumes the dying bird.
 Up springs the hern, redoubling ev'ry stroke,
 Conscious of danger stretches far away,
 With busy pennons and projected beak,
 Piercing th' opponent clouds: the falcon swift
 Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
 Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon
 Strains after to support the bold attack,
 Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek,
 On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs fly
 Lurk waiting to surprise a British sail

* The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

To climb the craggy cliff; the grayhounds strain
 Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
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 In airy labyrinth, or with easier wing
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 Justs in mid air. Lo! at his siege the heron,
 Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
 Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
 Himself another's game; for mark, behind
 The wily falcon's net steps; his grazing horse
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* The place where the heron takes his stand, watching his
 prey.

Full-freighted from Hetruria's friendly ports;
 Or rich Byzantium; after her they send,
 Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
 And spreading all their shrouds; she makes the main,
 Loving ev'ry gale, nor yet forgets
 To clear her deck, and telth' insulting foe,
 In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
 So flies the horn pursu'd, but fighting flies.
 Warm grows the conflict, ev'ry nerve 's employ'd;
 Now thro' the yielding element they soar
 Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
 In trackless mazes thro' the troubled sky.
 No rest, no peace. The falcon hov'ring flies
 Balanc'd in air, and confidently bold
 Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
 Full at his destin'd head. The watchful horn
 Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
 That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
 And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
 Observe th' attentive crowd; all hearts are fix'd
 On this important war, and pleasing hope
 Glows in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
 Equally happy now, with freedom share
 The common joy. The shepherd-boy forgets
 His bleating care; the lab'ring hind lets fall
 His grain unsown; in transport lost, he robs
 Th' expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
 The gazing village point their eyes to heav'n.
 Where is the tongue can speak the falc'ner's cares,

'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest toss'd;
 His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks, confess
 His inward woe. Now like a wearied stag,
 That stands at bay, the horn provokes their rage;
 Close by his languid wing in downy plumes
 Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
 The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
 Like lightning from above; and in her breast
 Receives the latent death; down plumb she falls
 Bounding from earth; and with her trickling gore
 Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
 The falconer in despair; his fav'rite bird
 Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
 He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
 He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage;
 Nor wants he long the means: the horn fatigued
 Borne down by numbers yields, and prone on earth
 He drops: his cruel foes wheeling around
 Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
 Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid,
 Then muttering inward curses breaks his wings;
 And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
 Sees with malignant joy the victors proud
 Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow-
 least

* This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk; they generally also break their legs.

† The reward of the hawk, made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian *Soppa*.

Unhappy bird! our fathers' prime delight! 173
 Who fanc'd thine eyry round with sacred laws*; all
 Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
 Thy waving crest, the mark of high command, and
 With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems, adorn'd †.

Now if the crystal stream delight thee more, 180
 Sportsman! lead on, where thro' the reedy bank
 Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray
 In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
 Gluts on the fattening buse, or steals the spawn
 Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast. 185
 How do the sunbeams on the glassy plain
 Sport wanton, and amuse our wond'ring eyes
 With variously-reflected changing rays!
 The murm'ring stream salutes the flow'ry mead
 That glows with fragrance; Nature all around 190
 Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
 In beds of down? what miser would not leave
 His bags untold for this transporting scene?
 Halc'ner, take care, oppose thy well-train'd speed,
 And sily stalk; unhodd thy falcon bold, 195
 Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
 Paddling with oary feet: he's seen; they fly.
 Now at full speed the fald'ner spurs away
 T' assist his fay'rite hawk; she from the rest
 Has singled out the mallard young and gay. 200

* No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyry or nest of an hern, under great penalties.

† The hern's top worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbants.

Whose green and azure brightens in the sun;
 Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
 With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky:
 Behoves him now both oar and sail; for see
 Th' unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
 Long holds th' aerial course; they rise, they fall;
 Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
 With all their force; till at one fatal stroke
 The vigorous hawk, exerting ev'ry nerve,
 Truſt'd in mid air bears down her captive prey.
 'Tis well on earth they fall; for oft' the duck
 Miſtruſts her coward wings, and ſeeks again
 The kind protecting flood: if haply then
 The falcon raſh aim a deciſive blow,
 And ſpring to gripe her floating prey, at once
 She dives beneath, and near ſome oſier's root
 Pops up her head ſecure; then views her foe
 Juſt in the grasping of her fond deſires,
 And in full pride of triumph wheel'd beneath
 The gliding ſream, Ah! where are now, proud bird!
 Thy ſtately trappings, and thy ſilver bells,
 Thy gloſſy plumage, and thy ſilken creſt?
 Say, tyrant of the ſkies! wouldſt thou not now
 Exchange with thy but late deſpanding foe
 Thy dreadful talons, and thy poliſh'd beak,
 For her web-foot deſpis'd? How happy they
 Who, when gay Pleaſure courts, and Fortune ſmiles,
 Fear the reverse, with caution tread thoſe paths
 Where roſes grow, but wily vipers creep!

These art expensive joys, fit for the great;
 Of large domains possess'd: enough for me
 To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist;
 Or fly the partridge from the bristly field;
 Retrieve the covey with my busy train;
 Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But if the shady woods my cares employ
 In quest of feather'd game; my spaniels beat
 Puzzling th' entangled copse, and from the brake
 Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
 He waves his vary'd plumes, stretching away
 With hasty wing. Soon from th' uplifted tube
 The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
 O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
 To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

When autumn smiles, all-beauteous in decay,
 And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues;
 My fether ranges in the new-shorn fields;
 His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
 Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
 In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
 One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
 His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
 His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
 Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps
 Low-cow'ring, step by step; at last attains
 His proper distance; there he stops at once,
 And points with his instructive nose upon
 The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne

The floating net unfolded flies, then drops,
And the poor flutt'ring captives rise in vain. 260

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the sealy glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and, struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares
And sweet amusements; such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy. 270

Thus, most illustrious Prince! have I presum'd;
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy and sweet repast
Of every noble mind; and now perchance
Untimely sing, since from yon' neighb'ring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls, calm Peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in every ear. But, righteous Heav'n!
Britain deserted, friendless and alone,
Will not, as yet despair: shine but in arms,
O Prince! belov'd by all; patron profess'd
Of liberty; with every virtue crown'd;
Millions shall crowd her strand; and her white cliffs,
As Teneriff or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes,
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd. 286

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wand'ring currents flow,
 A large smooth plain extends its verdant brow;
 Here ev'ry morn, while fruitful vapours feed
 The swelling blade, and blest the smoking mead,
 A cruel tyrant reigns: like Time, the swains
 Whets his unrighteous sibe, and shaves the plain:
 Beneath each stroke the peeping flow'rs decay,
 And all th' unspen'd crop is swept away:
 The heavy roller next he tugs along,
 Whiffs his short pipe, or rears a rural song;
 With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,
 And ev'ry rising prominence subdues.

Now when each craving stomach was well stor'd,
 And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
 Hither at Fortune's shrine to pay their court
 With eager hopes the motley tribe resort;
 Attornies spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks,
 And rosy parsons, fat and orthodox:
 Of ev'ry sect, Whigs, Papists, and Highflyers,
 Cornuted aldermen and hen-peck'd squires;
 Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose,
 And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaux.
 On the green cirque the ready racers stand,
 Dispos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
 Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
 The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.

As the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,
 Here weighty lead infus'd directs their course: 1112
 These in the ready road drive on with speed; 1113
 But those in crooked paths more fully succeed; 1114
 So the tall ship that makes some dangerous bay 1115
 With a side-wind obliquely slopes her way; 1116
 Lo! there the silver tumbler fiad on high, 1117
 The victor's prize; inviting ev'ry eye 1118
 The champions or consent or chance divide, 1119
 While each man thinks his own the sure side, 1120
 And the jack leads; the skilful bowler's guide. 1121

Bendo stripp'd first; from foreign coasts he brought
 A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought; 1122
 Where the tumultuous whims, to faction prone, 1123
 Still jostled monarch Reason from her throne; 1124
 More dang'rous than the porcupine's his quill, 1125
 Inur'd to slaughter; and secure to kill. 1126
 Let loose, just Heav'n! each virulent disease, 1127
 But save us from such murderers as these; 1128
 Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age; 1129
 Th' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage;
 Nor need t' appease the just Creator's ire 1130
 A second deluge or consuming fire. 1131
 He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe; 1132
 Then from his hand launches the flying sphere; 1133
 Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd, 1134
 Swift as his patients from this nether world; 1135
 Then grin'd malignant, but the jocund crowd 1136
 Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud. 1137

Next, Zadoc, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest! — A
 Still late at church, but early at a feast;
 No turkey-cock appears with better grace;
 His garments black, vermilion paints his face;
 His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,
 His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
 He grasps the bowl in his rough-brawny hand:
 Then squatting down, with his gray goggle-eyes
 He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
 Zadoc pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain,
 But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in vain;
 For, oh! wide-erring to the left it glides,
 The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides,
 He sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
 Then on the counter side with plun reclines,
 As if he meant to regulate its course,
 By pow'r attractive and magnetic force,
 Now almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
 Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms,
 Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
 A thousand shapes, the bowl erroneous flies,
 Deaf to his pray'rs, regardless of his cries:
 His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
 And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.
 Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's frown,
 Resolves once more to make the prize his own:
 Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
 And measures with his eye the space between:

But astonish'd was a peccoliar carter, woe'd out and
 To fall from one extreme into a worse, 85
 Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
 He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.
 Soon as he found its languid force decay,
 And the top weak impression die away,
 Quick after it he scuds, urges behind 90
 Step after step, and now, with anxious mind,
 Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain;
 And chides its faint efforts, and hawls amain:
 Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
 Curses the mountains that obstruct his way; 95
 Brazens it out with an audacious face,
 His insolence improving by disgrace.
 Zadoc, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd
 His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
 Advances to the trigg with solemn pace, 100
 And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.
 The bowl he pois'd, with pain his hands he bends,
 On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends:
 Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
 With joy he follows the propitious sphere: 105
 Alas! how frail is ev'ry mortal scheme!
 We build on sand, our happiness a dream.
 Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
 Purloins his fame, and deadens all its force,
 At Bendo from each corner of his eyes 110
 He darts malignant rays, then muttering flies

Into the bow'r; there, panting and half dead;
 In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head;
 Muse! raise thy voice; to win the glorious prize
 Bid all the fury of the battle rise.
 These but the light-arm'd champions of the field,
 See Griper there! a veteran well skill'd;
 This able pilot knows to steer a cause
 Thro' all the rocks and shallows of the laws;
 Or if 't is wreck'd, his trembling client saves
 On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
 In this, at least, all histories agree,
 That tho' he lost his cause he sav'd his fee;
 When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
 How complaisant the man! each point how right!
 But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
 And poverty sits shrinking on his face,
 How like a cur he snarls! when at the door
 For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor.
 The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
 And landlords, by forbearance, are severe;
 When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine,
 Or tatter'd Crape extorts by right divine
 Him all the rich their contributions pay,
 Him all the poor with aching hearts obey;
 He in his swanskin doublet struts along,
 Now begs, and now rebukes, the pressing throng.
 A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with ease,
 And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere

Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies; 140
 While he pursues its track with eager eyes;
 Its hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
 Claps both his hands, and juffles thro' the crowd.
 Hovering a while, soon at the mark it stood,
 Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood; 145
 Loud is th' applause of ev'ry betting friend,
 And peals of clam'rous joy the concave rend.
 But in each hostile face a dismal gloom
 Appears, the sad preface of loss to come;
 'Mong these Trebellius, with a mournful air 150
 Of livid hue, just dying with despair,
 Shuffles about, screws his chop-fallen face,
 And no whipp'd gig so often shifts his place;
 Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
 Which no man ever heeds, nor ever will; 155
 Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
 And with his cane points out the dubious ground.
 Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn,
 Appears, his sinewy limbs and solid brawn
 The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts 160
 Delights, nor pompous balls, but rural sports
 Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
 He shakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms;
 Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,
 To chase the wily fox or rambling deer. 165
 So Hercules, by Juno's dread command
 From savage beasts and monsters freed the land,
 Once up the

Hark! from the covert of yon' gloomy brake
 Harmonious thunder rolls; the forests shake;
 Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the chase,
 Tumultuous transports flush in ev'ry face;
 With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
 Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with cheering cries re-
 Drive down the precipice (brave youths!) with speed,
 Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the mead.
 But whither would the devious Muse pursue
 The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew
 Another labour now demands thy song
 Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th' expecting throng
 As Nimrod pois'd the sphere: his arm he drew
 Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
 Then launch'd the whirling globe, and fall as swift it
 Bows dash'd on bows confounded all the plain,
 Safe stood the foe, well cover'd by his train,
 Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defend,
 Escaping by the ruin of their friends,
 But now he stands expos'd, their order broke,
 And seems to dread the next decisive stroke.
 So at some bloody siege, the pond'rous ball
 Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
 (A breach once made) soon galls the naked town,
 Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.
 Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
 Griper beheld, exerting all his art;
 Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
 Block up the passage, and elude the blow.

With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw
The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling flew,
But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.

So little Teucer on the well-fought field
Securely sculk'd behind his brother's shield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate
Nor courted Fortune's smiles nor fear'd her hate,

Berplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around,
With curious eye examin'd all the ground;

Not the least op'ning in the front was found;
Sideway he leans, declining to the right;

And marks his way, and moderates his might,
Smooth-gliding o'er the plain th'obedient sphere

Held on its dubious road, while hope and fear
Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in ev'ry breast:

Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd;
Then chang'd its course, by the strong bias resl'd;

And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet remain'd;
Smart was the stroke: away the rival fled,

The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.
Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glittering prize;

Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies;
Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame,

Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

THE HIP.

TO WILLIAM COLMORE, ESQ.

The day after the great meteor, in March 1715.

THIS dismal morn, when east winds blow,
And ev'ry languid pulse beats low,
With face most sorrowfully grim,
And head oppress'd with wind and whim,
Grave as an owl, and just as witty,
To thee, I twang my doleful ditty,
And in mine own dull rhymes would find
Music to sooth my restless mind:
But, oh! my friend, I sing in vain,
No doggrel can relieve my pain;
Since thou art gone, my heart's desire,
And heav'n, and earth, and sea, conspire,
To make my miseries complete;
Where shall a wretched Hip retreat?
What shall a drooping mortal do,
Who pines for sunshine and for you?
If in the dark alcove I dream,
And you or Phillis is my theme,
While love or friendship warm my soul,
My shins are burning to a coal.
If rais'd to speculations high,
I gaze the stars and spangled sky,
With heart devout and wond'ring eye,
Amaz'd I view strange globes of light;
Meteors with horrid lustre bright
My guilty trembling soul affright.

To Mother Earth's prolific bed,
 Penfive I stoop my giddy head,
 From thence, too, all my hopes are fled.
 Nor flow'rs, nor grass, nor shrubs, appear
 To deck the smiling infant year,
 But blasts my tender blossoms wound,
 And desolation reigns around.
 If sea-ward my dark thoughts I bend,
 O! where will my misfortunes end?
 My loyal soul distracted meets
 Attainted dukes and Spanish fleets;
 Thus jarring elements unite,
 Pregnant with wrongs, and arm'd with spite;
 Successive mischiefs ev'ry hour
 On my devoted head they pour.
 Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
 'Tis still an endless scene of woe.
 'Tis thus disconsolate I mourn,
 I faint, I die, till thy return;
 'Till thy brisk wit and hum'rous vein
 Restore me to myself again.
 Let others vainly seek for ease,
 From Galen and Hippocrates,
 I scorn such nauseous aids as these:
 Hasten then, my dear unbrib'd attend;
 The best elixir is a friend.

* An invasion from Spain was then expected.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR,

NEW CLOTHED.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend,
 If Orpheus taught the list'ning oaks to bend;
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall,
 Why shouldst not thou attend my humble lays,
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very bean;
 But what are trappings and external show?
 To real worth alone I make my court;
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport,
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
 The safe retreat of ev'ry lurking mouse;
 Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house,
 Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before!
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore!
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
 Yet grateful then, my constancy I prov'd;
 I knew thy worth; my friend in rage I lov'd;
 I lov'd thee more; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
 My benefactor when the tide was turn'd,
 With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.

Where vanity, where pleasure, call'd I stray'd,
 And ev'ry wayward appetite obey'd;
 But sage experience taught me how to prize
 Myself, and how this world: she bade me rise
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race
 Of factious emmets; pointed where to place
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure;
 And, patiently, what Heav'n has sent endure;
 From all the futile cares of bus'ness free,
 Not fond of life, but yet content to be:
 Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
 And all the malice of the storm defies;
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind;
 Pities the restless crew he left behind;
 Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
 On his great voyage to the world unknown.

ON MIRANDA'S LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

THE sun departing hides his head,
 The lily and the rose are dead,
 The birds forget to sing,
 The cooing turtle now no more
 Repeat their am'rous ditties o'er,
 But watch th' approaching spring.

For soon the merry month of May
 Restores the bright all-cheering ray;
 Soft notes charm ev'ry grove;
 The flow'rs ambrosial incense breathe,
 And all above and all beneath
 Is fragrance, joy, and love.
 So when Miranda hence retires,
 Each shepherd only not expires;
 How rueful is the scene!
 How the dull moments creep along!
 No sportive dance, no rural song,
 No gambols on the green.
 Yet when the radiant nymph appears,
 Each field its richest liv'ry wears;
 All Nature's blithe and gay;
 The swains, transported with delight,
 After a long and gloomy night,
 Bless the reviving day.

While thus, indulgent to our pray'r, 25
 Kind Heav'n permitted us to share
 A blessing so divine;
 While smiling hope gave some relief;
 And joys alternate sooth'd our grief,
 What shepherd could repine?

But now—her fatal loss we mourn,
 Never, oh! never to return
 To these deserted plains:
 Undone, abandon'd to despair,
 Alas! 'tis winter all the year
 To us unhappy swains.

Ye little Loves! lament around;

With empty quivers strew the ground,
 Your bows unbent lay down:
 Harmless your wounds, pointless your darts,
 And frail your empire o'er our hearts,
 Till she your triumphs crown.

Ye Nymphs! ye Fawns! complaining sigh;

Ye Graces! let your tresses fly,

The sport of ev'ry wind;

Ye mimic Echoes! tell the woods,

Repeat it to the murm'ring floods,

She's gone! she's gone! unkind!

Break, Shepherds! break each tuneless reed,

Let all your flocks at random feed,

Each flow'ry garland tear;

Since Wit and Beauty quit the plain,

Past pleasures but enhance our pain,

And life's not worth our care.

HUDIBRAS AND MILTON

RECONCILED.

TO SIR ADOLPHUS OUGHTON.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinae.

HOR.

DEAR Knight! how great a drudge is he
Who would excel in poetry!
And yet how few have learn'd the art
T' inform the head or touch the heart!
Some with a dry and barren brain,
Poor rogues! like cistive lapdogs strain,
While others with a flux of wit
The reader and their friends beset,
Would you (Sir Knight) my judgment know?
He still writes worst who writes so so!
In this the mighty secret lies,
To elevate and to surprise.
Thus far my pen at random run,
The fire was out, the clock struck one,
When, lo! strange hollow murmurs from without
Invade my ears. In ev'ry quarter round
The warring winds rush from their rocky caves
Tumultuous; the vapours dark or dry,
Beneath their standards rang'd, with low'ring front

Darken the welkin. At each dreadful shock
 Oaks, pines, and elms, down to their mother earth
 Bend low their suppliant heads; the nodding tow'rs
 Menace destruction, and old Edrick's house
 From its foundation shakes. The bellying clouds
 Burst into rain, or gild their sable skirts
 With flakes of ruddy fire: fierce elements
 In ruin reconcil'd, redoubled peals
 Of ceaseless thunder roar. Convulsions rend
 The firmament. The whole creation stands
 Mute and appall'd, and trembling waits its doom.
 And now, perhaps, dear friend! you wonder
 In this dread scene of wind, rain, thunder,
 What a poor guilty wretch could do:
 Then hear—(for, faith, I tell you true)
 I water'd, shook my giddy head,
 Gravely broke wind, and went to bed.

IN MEMORY OF

THE REV. MR. MOORE.

Of humble birth, but of more humble mind,
 By learning much, by virtue more refin'd,
 A fair and equal friend to all mankind:
 Parties and sects, by fierce divisions torn,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to mourn;
 Their hearts unite in undissembled woe,
 And in one common stream their sorrows flow,

Volume I.

Each part in life with equal grace he bore,
 Obliging to the rich, a father to the poor,
 From sinful riots silently he fled,
 But came unbidden to the sick man's bed,
 Manners and men he knew, and when to press
 The poor man's cause, and plead it with success.
 No penal laws he stretch'd, but won by love
 His hearers' hearts, unwilling to reprove,
 When four rebukes and harsher language fail,
 Could with a lucky jest or merry tale
 O'er stubborn souls in Virtue's cause prevail.
 Whene'er he preach'd, the throng attentive stood,
 Feasted with manna and celestial food:
 He taught them how to live and how to die;
 Nor did his actions give his words the lie.

Go, happy Soul! sublimely take thy flight
 Thro' fields of ether, in long tracts of light,
 The guest of angels; range from place to place, 25
 And view thy great Redeemer face to face.

Just God! eternal source of pow'r and love!
 Whom we lament on earth give us above;
 Oh! grant us our companion and our friend,
 In bliss without alloy, and without end! 30

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

PROSTRATE on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
 And Isr'el's beauty on the mountains dies,

How are the mighty fallen!
 Hush'd be my sorrows, gently fall my tears,
 Lest my sad tale should reach the aliens' ears:
 Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
 In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame,
 Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
 With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.

O Gilboa! ye hills aspiring high,
 The last sad scene of Isr'el's tragedy;
 No fatt'ning dews be on thy lawns distill'd,
 No kindly show'rs refresh the thirsty field;
 No hallow'd fruits thy barren soil shall raise,
 No spotless kids that on our altars blaze;
 Lonesome and wild shall thy bleak summits rise,
 Accurs'd by men, and hateful to the Skies:
 On thee the shields of mighty warriors lay,
 The shield of Saul was vilely cast away;
 The Lord's anointed, Saul! his sacred blood
 Distain'd thy brow, and swell'd the common flood:
 How are the mighty fall'n!

Where'er their bands the royal heroes led,
 The combat thicken'd and the mighty bled;
 The slaughter'd hosts beneath their falchions die;
 And wing'd with death unerring arrows fly;
 Unknowing to return, still urge the foe,
 As Fate insatiate, and as sure the blow.
 The son, who next his conqu'ring father fought,
 Repeats the wonders his example taught;

How are the mighty fall'n!

Eager his fire's illustrious steps to trace,
And by heroic deeds assert his race.

The royal eagle thus her rip'ning brood
Trains to the quarry, and directs to blood:
His darling thus the forest monarch rears,
A firm associate for his future wars;
In union terrible, they seize the prey,
The mountains tremble, and the woods obey.

In peace united, as in war combin'd,
Were Jonathan's and Saul's affections join'd;
Paternal grace with filial duty vy'd,
And love the knot of nature closer ty'd:
Ev'n Fate relents, reveres the sacred band,
And undivided bids their friendship stand.
From earth to heav'n enlarg'd, their joys improve,
Still fairer, brighter still they shine above,
Bless'd in a long eternity of love.

Daughters of Isr'el! o'er the royal urn
Wail and lament; the king, the father, mourn.
Oh! now at least indulge a pious woe,
'Tis all the dead receive, the living can bestow.
Cast off your rich attire and proud array,
Let undissembled sorrows cloud the day:
Those ornaments victorious Saul bestow'd,
With gold your necks, your robes with purple glow'd:
Quit crowns and garlands for the sable weed,
To songs of triumph let dumb grief succeed;
Let all our grateful hearts for our dead patron bleed.
How are the mighty fallen!

Tho' thus distress'd, tho' thus o'erwhelm'd with
 Light is the burthen that admits relief; [grief,
 My lab'ring soul superior woes oppress,
 Nor rolling time can heal, nor Fate redress.
 Another Saul your sorrows can remove,
 No second Jonathan shall bless my love. 65

O Jonathan! my friend, my brother dear!
 Eyes! stream afresh, and call forth ev'ry tear:
 Swell, my sad heart! each salt ring pulse beat low,
 Down sink my head beneath this weight of woe.
 Hear my laments, ye Hills! ye Woods! return
 My ceaseless groans: with me, ye Turtles! mourn.
 How pleasant hast thou been! each lovely grace,
 Each youthful charm, sat blooming on thy face:
 Joy from thine eyes in radiant glories sprung,
 And manna dropp'd from thy persuasive tongue: 75
 Witness, great Heav'n! (from you those ardours)
 How wonderful his love! the kindest dame (came) }
 Lov'd not like him, nor felt so warm a flame: }
 No earthly passion to such height aspires,
 And seraphs only burn with purer fires. 80
 In vain, while honour calls to glorious arms,
 And Isr'el's cause the pious patriot warms;
 In vain, while deaths promiscuous fly below,
 Nor youth can bribe, nor virtue ward the blow. 84

PRESENTING TO A LADY

A WHITE ROSE AND A RED

ON THE TENTH OF JUNE.

Is this pale Rose offend your sight,
 It in your bosom wear,
 'Twill blush to find itself less white,
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But, Celia, should the Red be chose,
 With gay vermilion bright,
 'Twould sicken at each blush that glows,
 And in despair turn white.

Let politicians idly prate,
 Their Babels build in vain;
 As uncontrollable as Fate
 Imperial Love shall reign.

Each haughty faction shall obey,
 And Whigs and Tories join,
 Submit to your despotic sway,
 Confess your right divine.

Yet this, my gracious Monarch! own,
 They're tyrants that oppress;
 'Tis mercy must support your throne,
 And 't is like Heav'n to bless.

THE COQUETTE.

WHEN tortur'd by the cruel fair,
 And almost mad with wild despair,
 My fleeting spirits rove,
 One cordial glance restores her slave,
 Redeems me from the gaping grave,
 And sooths my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm tost,
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast:
 What wretch can long endure
 Such odd perplexing pangs as these,
 When neither mortal the disease,
 Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! since to save or kill
 Depends on thy capricious will,
 This milder sentence give;
 Reverse my strange untoward fate;
 Oh! let me perish by thy hate,
 Or by thy kindness live!

THE SUPERANNUATED LOVER.

DEAD to the soft delights of love,
 Spare me, O! spare me, cruel boy!
 Nor seek in vain that heart to move
 Which pants no more with am'rous joy.

Of old, thy faithful hardy swain, 5
 (When smit' with fair Pastora's charms)
 I serv'd thee many a long campaign,
 And wide I spread thy conqu'ring arms.
 Now, mighty God! ~~dismiss thy slave,~~
 'T' a feeble age let youth succeed;
 Recruit among the strong and brave,
 And kindly spare an invalid.

Adieu, fond hopes, fantastic cares,
 Ye killing joys, ye pleasing pains!
 My soul for better guests prepares;
 Reason restor'd and virtue reigns.

But why, my Cloe! tell me why,
 Why trickles down this silent tear?
 Why do these blushes rise and die?
 Why stand I mute when thou art here? 20

Ev'n sleep affords my soul no rest,
 Thee bathing in the stream I view;
 With thee I dance, with thee I feast,
 Thee thro' the gloomy grove pursue.

Triumphant god of gay desires! 25
 Thy vassal's raging pains remove;
 I burn, I burn, with fiercer fires,
 Oh! take my life or crown my love. 28

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

WHO now regards Chloris, her tears, and her whining,
 Her sighs, and fond wishes, and awkward repining?
 What a pother is here, with her amorous glances,
 Soft fragments of Ovid, and scraps of romances!

A nice prude at fifteen! and a romp in decay!
 Cold December affects the sweet blossoms of May;
 To fawn in her dotage, and in her bloom spurn us,
 Is to quench love's bright torch, and with touchwood
 to burn us.

Believe me, dear Maids! there's no way of evading;
 While ye pish and cry Nay your roses are fading: so
 Tho' your passion survive your beauty will dwindle,
 And our languishing embers can never rekindle.

When bright in your zeniths we prostrate before ye,
 When ye set in a cloud what fool will adore ye?
 Then, ye Fair! be advis'd, and snatch the kind blessing,
 And shew your good conduct by timely possessing. 16

EPITAPH UPON HUGH LUMBER,

HUSBANDMAN.

IN cottages and homely cells
 True Diety neglected dwells,

Till call'd to heav'n, her native seat,
 Where the good man alone is great :
 'Tis then this humble dust shall rise,
 And view his Judge with joyful eyes,
 While haughty tyrants shrink affraid,
 And call the mountains to their aid.

ANACREONTIC.

TO CLOE DRINKING.

WHEN, my dear Cloe! you resign
 One happy hour to mirth and wine,
 Each glass you drink still paints your face
 With some new victorious grace;
 Charms in reserve my soul surprise,
 And by fresh wounds your lover dies:
 Who can resist thee, lovely fair,
 That wit! that soft engaging air!
 Each panting heart its homage pays,
 And all the vassal world obeys.
 God of the Grape, boast now no more
 Thy triumphs on far Indus' shore;
 Each useless weapon now lay down,
 Thy tigers, car, and ivy-crown;
 Give but this juice in full supplies,
 And trust thy fame to Cloe's eyes.

ODES.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

Upon his removal from all his places.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit, aut ponit secure,
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

HOR.

I.
WHEN, in meridian glory bright,
You shine with more illustrious rays,
Above the Muse's weaker flight,
Above the poet's praise;
In vain the goddess mounts her native skies;
In vain, with feeble wings, attempts to rise;
In vain she toils to do her hero right,
Lost in excessive day and boundless tracts of light.
The Theban swan with daring wings,
And force impetuous, soars on high,
Above the clouds sublimely sings,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
But what, alas! would Pindar do,
Were his bold Muse to sing of you?

Can Chromius' strength be nam'd with your's? 15

Can mimic fights and sportive war

With Schellembergh's demolish'd tow'rs,

Or Blenheim's bloody field, compare?

The bard would blush at Theron's speed,

When Marlborough mounts the fiery steed; 20

And the despairing foe's pursu'd

Thro' towns and provinces subdu'd.

Fond poet! spare thy empty boast,

In vain thy chariots raise so great a dust;

See Britain's hero with whole armies flies 25

To execute his vast designs,

To pass the Scheld, to force the lines,

Swift as thy smoking car, to win th' Olympic prize.

But now, when with diminish'd light,

And beams more tolerably bright, 30

With less of grandeur and surprize

Mild you descend to mortal eyes,

Your setting glories charm us more

Than all your dazzling pomp before:

Your worth is better understood 35

The hero more distinctly view'd,

Glad we behold him not so great as good.

True Virtue's amiable face

Improves when shaded by disgrace;

A lively sense of conscious worth

Calls all her hidden beauties forth 40

Darts thro' the gloom a lovely ray,
And by her own intrinsic light creates a nobler day.

Let fickle Chance with partial hands divide
Her gaudy pomp, her tinsel pride,
Who to her knaves and fools supplies
Those favours which the brave despise:

Let Faction raise the saucy crowd,
And call her multitude to arms;
Let Envy's vipers hiss aloud,
And rouse all hell with dire alarms:

Go shake the rocks, and bid the hills remove;
Yet still the hero's mind shall be
Unchangeable, resolv'd, and free,
Fix'd on its base, firm as the throne of Jove.

Britons! look back on those auspicious days,
On Ister's banks when your great leader stood,
And with your gasping foes incumber'd all the flood;
Or when Ramillia's bloody plain

Was fatten'd with the mighty slain;
Or when Blaregnia's ramparts were assail'd
With force that heav'n itself had seal'd;
Did then reviling pens profane

Your Marlborough's sacred name?
Did noisy tribunes then debauch the crowd?
Did their unrighteous votes blaspheme aloud?
Did mercenary tools conspire

To curse the hero whom their foes admire?

No!—The contending nations sung his praise;
 While bards of ev'ry clime 70
 Exert their most triumphant lays,
 No thought too great, no diction too sublime.
 Hail, glorious Prince! 't is not for thee we grieve,
 For thy invulnerable fame
 No diminution can receive; 75
 Thou, mighty man! art still the same,
 Thy purer gold eludes the flame;
 This fiery trial makes thy virtue shine,
 And persecution crowns thy brows with rays divine.
 But what, alas! shall fainting Europe do? 80
 How stand the shock of her imperious foe?
 What successor shall bear the weight
 Of all our cares, and prop the state?
 Since thou our Atlas art remov'd,
 O best deserving Chief! and therefore best belov'd?

III.

To your own Blenheim's blissful seat 86
 From this ungrateful world retreat,
 A gift unequal to that hero's worth
 Who from the peaceful Thames led our bold Britons
 To free the Danube and the Rhine; [forth
 Who by the thunder of his arms 91
 Shook the proud Rhône with loud alarms,
 And rais'd a tempest in the trembling Seine.
 After the long fatigues of war
 Repose your envy'd virtues here; 95

Enjoy, my Lord, the sweet repast
 Of all your glorious toils, 100
 A pleasure that shall ever last,
 The mighty comfort that proceeds
 From the just sense of virtuous deeds;
 Content with endless fame, contemn the meaner spoils.
 Pomona calls and Pan invites
 To rural pleasures, chaste delights;
 The orange and the citron grove
 Will by your hand alone improve; 105
 Would fain their gaudy liv'ries wear,
 And wait your presence to revive the year.
 In this Elysium more than blest'd,
 Laugh at the vulgar's senseless hate,
 The politician's vain deceit, 110
 The fawning knave, the proud ingrate.
 Revolve in your capacious breast
 The various unforeseen events,
 And unexpected accidents 114
 That change the flatt'ring scene, and overturn the
 Frail are our hopes, and short the date [great.
 Of grandeur's transitory state.
 Corinthian brass shall melt away,
 And Parian marble shall decay:
 The vast Colossus, that on either shore
 Exulting stood, is now no more; 120
 Arts and artificers shall die,
 And in one common ruin lie.

Behold your own majestic palace rise;
 In haste to emulate the skies;
 The gilded globes, the pointed spires;
 See the proud dome's ambitious height,
 Emblem of pow'r and pompous state,
 Above the clouds aspires:
 Yet Vulcan's spight, or angry Jove,
 May soon its tow'ring pride reprove,
 Its painted glories soon efface,
 Divide the pond'rous roof, and shake the solid base.
 Material structures must submit to Fate;
 But virtue, which alone is truly great,
 Virtue like your's, my Lord, shall be
 Secure of immortality.
 Nor foreign force nor factious rage,
 Nor envy nor devouring age,
 Your lasting glory shall impair;
 Time shall mysterious truths declare,
 And works of darkness shall disclose;
 This blessing is reserv'd for you
 T'outlive the trophies to your merit due,
 And malice of your foes.
 In glorious actions, in a glorious cause,
 If valour negligent of praise,
 Deserving, yet retiring, from applause,
 In gen'rous minds can great ideas raise;
 If Europe sav'd, and liberty restor'd,
 By steady conduct and a prosp'rous sword,

Can claim in freeborn souls a just esteem,
 Britain's victorious chief shall be
 Rever'd by late posterity,
 The hero's pattern and the poet's theme. 155

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

Embarking for Ostend, anno 1712.

Interque merentes amicos
 Egregius properavit exul.

HOR.

I.

YE Pow'rs who rule the boundless deep,
 Whose dread commands the winds obey,
 To roll the waters on a heap,
 Or smooth the liquid way,
 Propitious hear Britannia's pray'r;
 Britannia's hope is now your care,
 Whom oft' to yonder distant shore
 Your hospitable billows bore,
 When Europe in distress implor'd
 Relief from his victorious sword;
 Who, when the mighty work was done,
 Tyrants repell'd and battles won,
 On your glad waves, proud of the glorious load,
 Thro' these your wat'ry realms in yearly triumph rode,

R. iij

To winds and seas, distressed, he flies, 17
 From storms at land, and faction's fright:
 Tho' the more fickle crowd denies,
 The winds, the seas, shall do his virtue right.
 Be hush'd, ye Winds! be still, ye Seas!
 Ye Billows! sleep at ease, 20
 And in your rocky caverns rest;
 Let all be calm as the great hero's breast.
 Here no unruly passions reign,
 Nor servile fear nor proud disdain,
 Each wilder lust is banish'd hence, 23
 Where gentle Love presides, and mild benevolence.
 Here no gloomy cares arise;
 Conscious honour still supplies
 Friendly hope and peace of mind,
 Such as dying martyrs find, 26
 Serene within, no guilt he knows,
 While all his wrongs sit heavy on his foes.
 Say, Muse! what hero shall I sing,
 What great example bring,
 To parallel this mighty wrong, 35
 And with his graceful words adorn my song?
 Shall brave Themistocles appear
 Before the haughty Persian's throne?
 While conquer'd chiefs confess their fear,
 And shatter'd fleets his triumphs own, 40

In admiration fix'd the monarch stood; his
 With secret joy his glorious prize he view'd,
 Of more intrinsic worth than provinces subdu'd. }
 Or faithful Aristides, sent, to taste, his
 For being just, to banishment; 45
 He writ the rigid sentence down, to
 He pitied the misguided clown;
 Or him who, when brib'd orators misde-
 The factious tribes, to hostile Sparta fled;
 The vile ingrateful crowd, 50
 Proclaim'd their impious joy aloud;
 But soon the fools discover'd to their cost
 Athens in Alcibiades was lost.
 Or, if a Roman name delight thee more,
 The great Dictator's fate deplore, 55
 Camillus, against noisy faction bold,
 In victories and triumphs old.
 Ungrateful Rome!
 Punish'd by Heav'n's avenging doom, }
 Soon shall thy ardent vows invite him home, 60
 The mighty chieftain soon recall,
 To prop the falling Capitol, }
 And save his country from the perjur'd Gaul.
 Search, Muse! the dark records of time,
 And ev'ry shameful story trace, 65
 Black with injustice and disgrace,
 When glorious merit was a crime;

Yet these, all these, but faintly can express
Folly without excuse, and madness in excess.

III.

The noblest object that our eyes can bless 70
Is the brave man triumphant in distress;
Above the reach of partial Fate,
Above the vulgar's praise or hate,
Whom no feign'd smiles can raise, no real frowns de-
View him, ye Britons! on the naked shore; [press.
Resolv'd to trust your faithless vows no more, 76
That mighty man! who for ten glorious years
Surpass'd our hopes, prevented all our pray'rs.
A name in ev'ry clime renown'd,
By nations blest'd, by monarchs crown'd. 80
In solemn jubilees our days we spent,
Our hearts exulting in each grand event.
Factions applaud the man they hate;
And with regret to pay their painful homage wait.
Have I not seen this crowded shore 85
With multitudes all cover'd o'er?
While hills and groves their joy proclaim,
And echoing rocks return his name.
Attentive on the lovely form they gaze;
He with a cheerful smile, 90
Glad to revisit this his parent isle,
Flies from their incense, and escapes their praise.
Yes, Britons! view him still unmov'd,
Unchang'd, tho' less belov'd.

His gen'rous soul no deep resentment fires,
But, blushing for his country's crimes, the kind good
man retires.

Ev'n now he fights for this devoted isle,
And labours to preserve his native soil;
Diverts the vengeance which just Heav'n prepares;
Accus'd, disarm'd, protects us with his pray'rs:
Obdurate hearts! cannot such merit move?
The hero's valour nor the patriot's love?
Fly, Goddess! fly this inauspicious place;
Spurn at the vile degenerate race,
Attend the glorious exile, and proclaim
In other climes his lasting fame,
Where honest hearts, unknowing to forget
The blessings from his arms receiv'd,
Confess with joy the mighty debt,
Their altars rescu'd and their gods reliev'd.

IV.

Nor fails the hero to a clime unknown,
Cities preserv'd their great deliver own;
Impatient crowds about him press,
And with sincere devotion bless
Those plains, of ten years' war the bloody stage,
(Where panting nations struggled to be free,
And life exchange'd for liberty)
Retain the marks of stern Bellona's rage,
The doubtful hind mistakes the fields
His fruitless toil so lately till'd:

Here deep intrenchments sunk, and vales appear,
 The vain retreats of Gallic fear;
 There new-created hills deform the plain,
 Big with the carnage of the slain:
 These monuments, when faction's spight 125
 Has spit its pois'nous foam in vain,
 To endless ages shall proclaim
 The matchless warrior's might;
 The graves of slaughter'd foes shall do his valour right.
 These when the curious traveller 130
 Amaz'd shall view, and with attentive care
 Trace the sad footsteps of destructive war,
 Successive bards shall tell
 How Marlborough fought, how gasping tyrants fell.
 Alternate chiefs confess'd the victor's fame, 135
 Pleas'd and excus'd in their successor's shame.
 In ev'ry change, in ev'ry form,
 The Proteus felt his conqu'ring arm:
 Convinc'd of weakness, in extreme despair,
 They lurk'd behind their lines, and wag'd a lazy war.
 Nor lines nor forts could calm the soldier's fear, 141
 Surpris'd, he found a Marlborough there.
 Nature nor art his eager rage withstood,
 He measur'd distant plains, he forc'd the rapid flood;
 He fought, he conquer'd, he pursu'd. 145
 In years advanc'd, with youthful vigour warm'd,
 The work of ages in a day perform'd.

When kindly gleams dissolve the winter snows
From Alpine hills, with such impetuous haste
The icy torrent flows, 150
In vain the rocks oppose,
It drives along enlarg'd, and lays the regions waste.
Stop, Goddess! thy presumptuous flight,
Nor soar to such a dang'rous height;
Raise not the ghost of his departed fame, 155
To pierce our conscious souls with guilty shame;
But tune thy harp to humbler lays,
Nor meditate offensive praise. 158

CONTENTS.

Poems to the Author,	Page 16
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MISCELLANIES.

Preface to the Chafe,	19
The Chafe. A poem. In four books,	23
Preface to Hobbino!	101
Hobbino!. A burlesque poem. In three Cantos,	107
Field Sports. Addressed to his Royal Highness,	153
The Bowling-green,	166
The Hip. To William Colenso, Esq.	174
Address to his Elbow-chair,	176
On Miranda's leaving the country,	177
Hudibras and Milton reconciled,	180
In memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore,	181
The Lamentation of David over Saul, &c.	184
Presenting to a Lady a white Rose, &c.	186
The Coquette,	187
The superannuated Lover,	ib.
Advice to the Ladies,	189
Epitaph upon Hugh Lumber,	ib.
Anacreontic. To Cloe drinking,	190

ODES.

An Ode, inscribed to the D. of Marlborough, &c.	191
Ode, occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's embarking for Ostend,	197

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.